

# NEW YORK Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

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Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle, Publishers.  
William Adams, David Adams.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE. (One copy, four months, \$1.00. Two copies, one year, \$2.00.)

No. 184.

## DECEIVED.

BY ERNEST REXFORD.

The saddest man I ever knew  
Was one who counted others true;  
Who loved, and loving, was deceived  
In her whom he had most beloved.  
He laid in homage at her feet  
His heart, an offering pure and sweet;  
She, caring not for heart or soul,  
For love that could through life endure,  
Smiled at the thing she valued less  
Than the blue ribbon of her dress,  
And sought, the while her heart might ache,  
Some other heart to win and break.

I pitied him! His shattered faith  
Was far more pitiful than death.  
He had believed her good and true,  
And loved as only such men do.  
Had loved that fairest of false things—  
A butterfly with shining wings—  
A woman with no woman's soul!  
Life has its times of joy and gloom;  
But oh! what time could sadder be  
Than when a true man wakes to see—  
And such things happen every day—  
His idol proved of common clay!

## The Man from Texas: OR, THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS. A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB,"  
"WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED  
HAZARD," "ACR OF SPARKS," "WHEEL OF  
FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

### CHAPTER XII.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

THE General stared at the sheriff in astonishment.

"What's that?" he cried, in amazement.  
"I say, I've got a warrant hyer for the arrest of your overseer; 'sault and battery," repeated the officer.

"Why, you haven't had any trouble with any one, have you?" Smith asked, in wonder, turning to Texas.

"Not that I'm aware of," the overseer replied. "There must be some mistake."  
"I reckon you're the man, stranger," the sheriff replied; "you answer to the description."

"Who makes the complaint; do you know, Lem?" the General asked.

"Yes; it's that big nigger, King Congo." A low whistle of astonishment came from the General's lips.

"Well, now, this beats me!" he exclaimed. "Why, Lem, you know what a scamp that Congo is! He came on my place here this morning, tried to persuade my hands to quit work, and when my overseer here—Mr. Texas, Mr. Johnson—interfered, the nigger talked back to him, cheek full of fight, too. Well, he just got whaled; Johnson, you would have given ten dollars to have seen how beautiful Mr. Texas here walloped that cuss. I'm an old man, Johnson, and have traveled a good deal, but it was the prettiest fight that I ever saw in my life. The way we cleaned out Banks, down on the Red River, wasn't any thing to it."

Smith was quite excited.  
"Of course, General, I don't know any thing about it," Johnson explained. "Justice of the Peace, Foxcroft, put the warrant into my hands, and of course I've got to serve it. I told the Justice that I thought it was a little out of my line, but you see the constable, Bill Smith, is down flat on his back with the shakes—by the way, General, Bill's some sort of a relation of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes, third cousin. Bill is sick, eh?"  
"Awful! I told him when he bought that place down on the Catfish that it were powerful unhealthy," the sheriff said. "Well, as I said afore, Bill's sick, and his deputy, Jim Forsyth's gone up to Fort Smith. He went up on the Des Arc yesterday—mighty fine boat that Des Arc, General, a heavy eight bryer than the old one; well, you see, that wasn't any official left in the town to serve the durned thing, 'less I toted it; so I jest thought that I would oblige the Justice for once!"

"Yes, of course I understand," Smith said; "I s'pose you will have to go in, Mr. Texas, since the warrant is out. But that beats me, Lem! The idea of coming and picking a fuss, and then going and getting out a warrant for an assault!"

"That's kinder making things," Johnson remarked, soberly. "From the looks of the dark, I should have judged that he had had about sixteen onto him."

"Whipped him in fair fight! I saw nearly all of it myself. Johnson, you would have given twenty-five dollars to have seen the fight!" the old Arkansian exclaimed, excitedly.

"From the looks of the nigger, I reckon I would, General," the sheriff said, with an air of sad reflection.

"Sam, saddle my Morgan, and the black, right away!" the General shouted to the negro, who was sunning himself outside the stable.

"Deed, sar, dat black done gone lame," replied Sam.

"You'll have to ride the spotted mustang, then; I must tell Missouri," and the General re-entered the house.

The overseer's horse had been sent to the blacksmith to be re-shod, just before dinner, and hadn't returned.

Hardly had the General closed the door behind him when he was joined by Missouri, concealed behind the Venetian blinds of the dining-room, she evidently had overheard all that had passed.

Smith was proceeding to explain, but his daughter interrupted him with the assurance that she knew all about it.

"You can have the mustang, of course, father," she said, hurriedly; "but what will they do with Mr. Texas? I'm sure the negro deserved all he got, although Mr. Texas did strike him first; but I know that that big brute said something dreadfully insulting to him."

"Why, how did you know that he struck



From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty Missouri watched the horsemen until they disappeared from view.

him first?" the General asked, in amazement.  
"Oh, I s'pose that some of the hands told you about it."

"No, father; where should I see any of the hands?" the girl replied, evidently confused.

"How the mischief, then, did you know any thing about it?" Smith questioned, in a puzzle.  
"Why, I happened to be up stairs in the cupola, and saw it all from beginning to end," she replied, slowly, and in great embarrassment.

But the General was decidedly more astonished at this statement than he had been at first.

"But how could you see the affair from the cupola?" he asked; "the field is over half a mile off!"

"Why, I—I had your field-glass, father," she answered, blushing red as fire as she spoke.

"Oh, I see," the old man said; and, busy as his mind was, thinking of the outrage of the overseer's arrest, he took but little notice of his child's confusion. And she, on her part, was heartily glad that he did not press his question further, and ask her what she was doing up in the cupola with the field-glass for a companion.

"We can have the mustang, then?" the General said, retreating to the door.

"Yes, certainly!" was the decided reply; "but, father, they can't trouble Mr. Texas, can they?"

"Of course not, in justice! The fellow provoked the thrashing anyway, and deserved all he got. I s'pose the idea is to make it appear an outrage on the negroes, and so make a sort of political affair out of it; but I don't think they will be able to do it in this county. The war is over and we understand it, and there is no more law-abiding community anywhere in the United States."

"But, father, if there is any trouble, you'll stand by him—you'll see him through, won't you?" asked the girl, persuasively.

"Will I?" exclaimed the old General, hastily; "by the Lord I will! I'll see him through if it takes every mule on the plantation!"

Then Smith emerged from the house to the veranda.

Sam had the General's brown Morgan mare saddled, and stood waiting with it in front of the house.

"Saddle the spotted mustang, Sam, for Mr. Texas," the planter ordered, as he mounted in the saddle, quite lightly for one of his years and build.

"Yes, sar; I done saddle de mustang. I s'pects you'd want dat!" Sam answered with a grin, and then, in obedience to his whistle, a colored boy led out the spotted mustang—Missouri's pet—from the stable, all saddled and bridled.

The overseer leaped lightly into the saddle, and the party set out.

From behind the Venetian blinds, pretty Missouri watched the horsemen until they disappeared around the bend of the road.

The horsemen, riding briskly toward the landing, soon got into conversation.

"Times are changing mighty, ain't they, General?" the sheriff observed. "I kin remember the time when two gentlemen could have a nice quiet fight, and a sheriff that went to arrest one on 'em, would have bin mobbed, sure. Why, they could even use their shootin' irons, and the authorities wouldn't interfere."

"That's so," assented the General. "When will the examination take place?"

"Jist as soon as we git thar. The nig and his lawyer air waiting. Bob Howard's his lawyer. Bob's a good lawyer; better judge of whiskey, though."

"If they've got Bob Howard, they mean business," the General exclaimed, earnestly. "I reckon we better pick up Judge Yell, as we go by his place. The Judge knows the law."

"I'll low he does, but he's the durnest old cuss for a practical joke in the hull State. I reckon we better pick up Judge Yell, as we go by his place. The Judge knows the law."

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and the animals themselves became scarce, so Adair gave up trapping and looked around for a plantation.

And just about that time, old Colonel Smith founded the town of Smithville, and as the Catfish Bayou had been one of Gol's favorite haunts in the early days when he had first favored Arkansas with his presence, he selected about twenty acres, just above the junction of the bayou with the Arkansas, and erecting a log-cabin, assisted by the inhabitants of the city—that was to be—settled down upon his "estate."

Adair never amounted to much in the planter line, though that could not be expected of the owner of twenty acres, surrounded as he was by estates, the smallest of which was over a thousand acres in extent.

But Adair declared he wouldn't have the best plantation in the county. He wasn't a-going to be a slave to any "durned cotton crop, or any other kind of a crop—not ef he knowed himself!"

All he wanted was five or ten bales—enough to buy groceries and liquor. Corn he could raise himself; there was plenty of fish in the bayou, and his rifle could bring him all the meat he wanted and pay for his powder, caps and balls, besides.

And as for the two or three half-wild horses that he always possessed, in the winter he turned them into the canebrake where they fed on the young cane until they were as fat as hogs, and in the summer, the rank grass of the prairie gave them food.

Adair was noted, too, for his swapping propensities. He was never so happy as when in a trade. He had been known to start out of Smithville, riding the worst-looking "clay-bank" horse that ever a man bestrode, with a little mean open-faced silver watch in his pocket and a rusty shot-gun on his shoulder, strike over the line into the Indian nation, and come back, in a month, with a couple of fine horses worth seventy-five or eighty dollars apiece—high prices those, for even extra horses, on the upper Arkansas, before the war—an excellent double-barreled gun—or a fine rifle, maybe—two or three pistols or knives, and a good solid hunting-case watch in his pocket; all of which trophies were the products of a series of judicious swaps.

Smithville folks said Gol Adair had rather swap than eat, and as they were his near neighbors, they naturally were pretty well posted on the subject.

Adair was peculiar in another way, too. He never owned a slave, and when questioned on the subject by some zealous neighbor who had got a notion into his head that Gol belonged to that dreaded class known as "Abolitionists," the withered-up hunter simply said that they were too much trouble, and he wasn't "gwine to be a slave to any nig," himself. "They eat more'n they raised, an' would steal more'n they'd eat." This was Gol's idea on the subject. Then, too, he never troubled his head about politics. And one time, when party

spirit ran high, and the anxious men on either side were drumming up all the recruits they could get, Gol Adair was finally badgered into a promise that he would come to Smithville and vote, for once in his life. And, true to his word, he walked up to the polls and voted for General George Washington for President; and when remonstrated with by the leading men of both parties, who reminded him that the "Father of his Country" was dead, Gol replied, coolly, that it didn't "make any difference; General Washington dead would make a great deal better President than any live man that they could scare up, from Maine to Mexico, nowadays."

After that, Gol Adair was let alone, as far as politics were concerned.

When the war broke out, Adair saw at once, with his shrewd good sense, that it would be clearly impossible for him to keep out of it and remain at home. So, one fine morning before the sun was up, Gol Adair whistled his dogs around him, mounted his best horse, and "jit" out.

A party of the young hot-bloods of the village—a slip of the pen, we mean "city"—who visited Adair's cabin that very day, with intent to make him enlist or fight, found the doors of the cabin wide open, all the skins—Gol's simple substitute for furniture—gone, and a rude sign stuck in a crevice of the timber, which bore the brief but expressive inscription: "Gone till the war quits."

Smithville saw no more of Gol Adair until the autumn of 1865; then he suddenly appeared, as usual, riding a better horse than he had gone away on, and dropped right back again into his old place, just as if he had never left it.

He had spent the four years of the war down in Texas, far away from all knowledge of the hostile scenes, and it was only by accident that he had heard of the termination of the struggle.

Five or six feet from Gol—who was crouched down on the grass, playing with his pet squirrel, one of the black Mexican breed that he had brought with him from Texas—sitting on a log, was the German, Peter Ritter—or, as more generally termed, Dutch Pete. He was a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed youth, apparently not over eighteen, but well and stoutly built, after the universal fashion of his healthy countrymen.

Tramping through the country, he had sought shelter, one night, at Adair's cabin, and the two, getting into conversation after supper, smoking their pipes together before the huge log fire, took quite an interest in each other.

The old hunter, Gol Adair, who for years had avoided the society of his fellow-men, took a strange fancy to the simple German lad who was without either parents or friends.

Adair noticed the repeating rifle, Gol's patent, not the youth carried, and shrewdly suspected from that that the boy had been a soldier in the Union army, although of course it was natural that he should wish to keep that fact to himself, for at that time a good deal of the bitterness of the war still remained in that section.

And in the morning, the old hunter proposed to the lad to stay with him, unless he thought he could better himself by going further on.

The lad eagerly accepted the offer, and from that day forth had made his home with Adair. He assisted the old man in the cotton-field, and was his constant companion in the hunt.

A strange bond of sympathy existed between the two—the childless, solitary old hunter and the young, fresh boy, just at life's threshold, but friendless and alone.

## CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOVERS.

"I reckon I'll have to go up to the landing and get some tobacco," Adair said, as he examined the huge tin box in which he carried his supply of the fragrant weed; "I kinder reckon I kin swap off a pair of these ducks for what tobacco I want, an' not get cheated much either. Scat, you rascal! Consarn yer, you put yer teeth clean into my thumb!" This last remark was addressed to the squirrel which had taken advantage of Adair's inattention, to give him a good sharp nip on the finger.

"I go to the landing mif you," said Pete, who spoke with a strong German accent.

"What do you want up to the landing, hey?" questioned Adair; "you ain't out of tobacco too?"

"Nein, I have plenty—much," and he blushed up to his eyes as he spoke.

Gol took a good look at him with his keen little eyes, and then he puckered up the corners of his mouth in a peculiar manner.

"Wal—all right; we'll go up together; p'haps you kin swap off your ducks for what you want," Gol suggested, innocently, but there was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he spoke.

The lad shook his head.

"Nein," he replied, laconically.

Winnie was stretched out at full length on the green sward, resting his head on his hand, his shot-gun lying by his side. He was paying no heed to the conversation, but was idly pulling the blades of grass to pieces, evidently deep in meditation.

Gol glanced from the lad to the young soldier, a comical grin upon his dried-up features.

"They're both on 'em got it bad," he muttered, in an undertone. "I s'pose it's in the nature of humans to have it while they're young, jist as puppies catch the distemper. It don't kill quite so many two-legged critters, though."

"I say, boys!" he cried, abruptly, raising his voice to attract the attention of the two, "what do you say to try for a deer to-night with a torch. I've got some splendid chocks of fat-wood?"

"All right; where will you go?" Winnie asked.

"Bout six miles up the bayon, the other side of Black-Jack Swamp. We'll start about s

to-night." And then the eyes of the old hunter twinkled.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Winnie, suddenly. "I can't go as early as that."

"Neh, neither can I," Peter said, getting very red in the face again. "I can not go mit you so early as dat."

"Why, what on air is the matter with both on you?" asked Gol, in affected amazement.

"I have an appointment this evening," the lieutenant explained.

"Dat ish the matter mit me," the German lad confessed, still very red in the face.

"Get him to wait till to-morrow," Gol suggested, very innocently, addressing the soldier; "and won't the gentleman wait for you, Pete?" he demanded of the boy.

"You infernal old humber! You know very well that it isn't a *humb*!" Winnie exclaimed.

"And is your him a fraulin' too?" Gol asked, of the boy, comically imitating his tone.

"Yah," replied the youth, laconically.

"Wal, go it, ye cripples!" the hunter said, encouragingly. "I'll hold yer hats. I reckon, though, that you can't swap the ducks of fer ribbons and sich truck, but maybe ef you let me hev the trade I kin. I low I kin whip the world a-swapin'."

"Not before ten; I shan't go up to the landing until after dark. I don't care about the whole town seeing me call upon the lady," Winnie explained.

"Kinder ashamed of her, I s'pose," Gol said, sympathizingly.

"Go to thunder!" the soldier responded indignantly.

"I swar I won't waste any more sympathy on you, dog-gone you!" retorted Gol. "And Pete, when air you coming home?"

"When she turn me out," the boy replied, honestly.

Both Adair and Winnie laughed at the frank confession.

"Wal-I swar!" Gol exclaimed, after he got through laughing. "I never had to go sparkin'."

"I allers could take a him. All they had to do was to boot me out two or three times, and then I allers understood that my company wasn't agreeable." And the old hunter laid back and enjoyed a quiet laugh.

"Well, as we're all three going up to the landing, let us go together about sundown," Winnie suggested.

"I'm yer man, as the beaver said when he married the muskrat's sister," was the hunter's reply.

"I say, lieutenant, who do you s'pose this critter is leav'ing arter?"

"I haven't an idea," Winnie replied.

"Tilda Ozark, sister-in-law to Yell."

"Whew!" exclaimed Winnie, in surprise. "You had better be careful, Pete; if you should happen to offend that precious brother-in-law, he'd think nothing of putting a load of buckshot 'plum into you,' as he would say."

The lad raised his head proudly and a spark of fire shone in his clear blue eyes.

"Me nix 'fraid!" and he drew the rifle up and pulled the hammer back with his thumb significantly as he spoke. "Me see men shot 'fore now; dat ish good. I his dat squirrel 'way up on tree. I gife Yell one, two six bullets he come mit me near."

"He won't give you a fair chance for your life, boy," Gol said, kindly and quite gravely. "He'll bushwack you from behind a tree or from a fence corner, the everlasting pole-cat that he is!"

"Why do you think that there is any real danger of his attacking Pete?" the soldier asked.

"Wal, I dunno?" Adair said, with a dubious shake of the head. "Just afore he shot Tom Warren, and the chase wasn't so hot arter him, he used to come in nigh the landing. I s'pose I've seen him skulkin' in the bush down near the Ozark place a dozen times. That's about two miles down the river. 'Tilda lives thar with her father and mother; Forsyth's their name. I had a talk with ole man Forsyth then, about Yell; I happened to mention that I seed him, an' the ole cuss rilly trembled; shook jest as ef the ague had got hold on him. I asked him ef he ague had got hold on him, and he 'lowed right out ef he was 'fraid of Yell and he 'lowed he was. He tole me that Yell had bin hangin' round the plantation a good deal, and he 'rally, feared that he was coming arter 'Tilda. Of course the ole man knew that I wouldn't mention anything 'bout seein' Yell, 'cos he knew that I allers 'tended strictly to my own business, an' knew 'nough to keep my mouth shut."

"I say, Gol, why the deuce is it that you're so reluctant to give us a clue to the hiding-place of this fellow? You know where his hole is in the swamp, and you would really be doing a service to the community to tell."

"I can understand in war-time how such a fellow's brutal acts could be tolerated, but now he's a perfect terror," Winnie said, earnestly.

"Wal, you're 'bout right, I s'pose," Adair answered, thoughtfully. "That poor Tom Warren that he shot was a right proper sort of man, but I don't want to be mixed up in it at all. It's none of my quarrel, as the 'coon said when he clim' up the gum an' left the wild-cat and the black snake to fight it out on the ground."

"Why didn't old Forsyth tell him to clear out and let his daughter alone? After killing one of the girls, Ozark ought to be satisfied."

"The ole man didn't dar' to open his head to him fur fear he'd lay fur him with the double-barrel some night."

"Then you won't tell me where his den in the swamp is?"

"I swar I don't know, 'rally," replied Gol, earnestly. "I suppose I could smell him out ef I wanted to, but I don't."

"After he's riddled the boy yonder with buckshot, you'll be sorry you didn't put your heel on this snake," Winnie said.

Gol looked after Pete, who had risen during the conversation and walked toward the house.

"He'd better not tech him!" the old hunter exclaimed, nervously. "It will be the worst day's work Yell Ozark ever did ef he pulls a trigger on that air boy, I tell yer!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 181.)

flames mounted up until the country was as bright as day, and the inhabitants of the farm-houses were terror-stricken as they rose from their beds and beheld the work of destruction. The Colonists swept along at a steady gallop, interfering with no one and making no halts, and the British horsemen followed like wolves on the track.

The road running west was reached, and the gallop did not flag. An hour after the Colonists struck the mountain road, and here the pursuit ceased, neither party having fired a shot. Riding slowly down the rough, dark road, shut in sometimes by jagged cliffs, and again open for a space so that the glare of the burning village danced across the way, Captain Tracy had time for reflection. He was wondering what news the letter handed him by Crazy Dan contained, when the whole band were startled by a voice, from the rocks overhead:

"Burn and destroy—burn and destroy!"

It was the old crone, Aunt Nancy. The men halted and called to her.

"She wrote the captain a letter, but he has lost it!" croaked the witch.

Captain Tracy felt for the letter, and, to his consternation, it was not to be found. He examined every pocket, and even dismounted to make a closer search, but the letter was missing. He had lost it in the village or along the road.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Aunt Nancy, "the letter is gone—gone—gone! I read it and I remember what it said!"

"Come down here, Aunt!" called the captain, "come down and I will give you some silver!"

"Oh! ho! but they believe what I say, they do! I'm an old witch! I fly through the air and I wear a coat of fire, which burns up the dew and the rain!"

She was descending from rock to rock as she shouted the words, and presently her lean, gaunt form stood before the little band. They had halted just where the red glare of the great fire shot across the road between a break in the trees along the base, and as the hag came into the light she seemed a veritable old witch. Her long gray hair fluttered and waved as she tossed her arms, and her eyes glittered and burned as she peered up into the faces of the men.

"Bravo! bravo!" she shouted. "You wounded some, you killed some, and you fired the town! They rode fast, but I was watching you and you rode the faster!"

The captain dismounted and approached, and held out his hand, saying:

"Here's the silver, Aunt Nancy; now please tell me what was in the letter."

"She's trapped! she's trapped!" whispered the crone, placing her hand on his shoulder. "The serpent has coiled to strike her, and she can't escape!"

"Tell me more, Aunt!" he whispered, handing her more silver. "She was not in the village—where did she go?"

"Ten miles north—half a mile east!" she replied, dancing up and down and waving her arms.

"Tell me more!"

"Hoo! hoo! hoo-hoo!" screamed the woman, imitating the notes of an owl. "I can't stay—my owl is waiting—good-by—hoo! hoo!"

She turned and leaped up the rocks with the agility of a panther, and, though the captain rushed after her, she was beyond his reach in a moment. He called to her again and again, but she only answered with wild laughs, and was presently beyond hearing. He mounted without a word to the men, all of whom were deeply mystified, and scarcely a word was exchanged between them until the Pass and the camp were reached.

The conflagration had been observed by the men left behind, and they were eager for the news. Parson Warner was as excited and interested as the others, and as soon as the captain had dismounted he accosted him:

"Friend Tracy, I hope thou didst not purposely fire the village?"

"Come to my tent—I want to talk to you," replied the captain, and when they were seated he gave him a detailed account of the raid, repeating all that had been said by the old witch.

"I think I see through the plot," said the Quaker, as the captain had finished. "The young lady would not consent to the marriage, and the British captain would naturally feel revengeful. He has imprisoned the father and abducted the daughter, or else she rode away to her friends to escape him."

"But I can not help but ponder over the old crone's words—'ten miles to the north—half a mile to the east.' What could she mean by them?"

"Let me see," mused the Quaker. "Ten miles north of the village; that would bring us exactly to the red guide-board, where the leg tavern was burned several years ago. Half a mile east—up the Sweet Creek Road—would be to the bridge and a little beyond. Half a mile—let me think. There's only one house there, that of the strange man they call Lonely Webster."

"That's it, then!" exclaimed the captain, leaping up in his excitement. "She's a prisoner in that house!"

"Thou must not get excited," warned the Parson; "it is not safe to believe the muttered words of crazy women."

"But how did Aunt Nancy know about the letter—the battle in the village—the pursuit—my losing the letter?" persisted the captain. "There's something in this—I feel certain of it!"

"There's something passing strange, I admit. The arrest of Stephen Graham would indicate a plot on the part of the British captain, but what wilt thou do?"

"Make a visit to the house you have described, and if she is not there and I get no trace of her, I will go into the village again!"

"Thou wilt do nothing of the kind!" replied the Parson, "and I will explain why."

He stated that the burning of the village would arouse the British to greater watchfulness than they had yet exhibited, and might recall Tarleton and his force. The enemy would now watch the Pass more closely, and make new efforts against the mountaineers, who might be driven into Tennessee after all. Orders might come from headquarters for them to evacuate the mountain and rejoin the army, and Captain Tracy must be in his proper place.

"Thou owest a greater duty to Liberty than to any thing else," continued the Parson, "and thou must remain here. I am too old to take the field, and my religion forbids, but I can go upon this errand for thee, and, if there is need to burn powder in order to see justice done, I shall not hesitate."

It was long after daylight before they ceased arguing, but the Quaker finally carried his point and it was settled that he should go. During the day he was to pass down the mountain about twelve miles, and then, when he had darkness to conceal his movements, he would strike across the country to the house of Lonely Webster, a distance of twenty miles.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

CAPTAIN LISLE left the prison-house because he felt certain that the mountaineers had made

an attack, and as Mollie watched the heavens brightly, she was no less certain that the Parson had made good his word, and that her lover had come for her. He would find her father in jail, and her missing, and she prayed that some of the village people might explain it to him, or that Crazy Dan might deliver the letter, as he had promised. She could not say that the letter or the fullest explanation of the cause of her departure would affect her present situation, because there would be no one to tell him her programme had been changed by the plotting of Captain Lisle; but yet, it was a consolation to believe that her lover was in the village. The fire grew brighter and brighter, until at length its serpent-like shadows streamed clear across the floor. She watched them until near daylight, when they grew paler and finally died away.

Her own situation had hardly been thought of by the prisoner, but now, as she remembered the words of the captain, and the look which accompanied them, she determined on finding some method of escape. She knew the house, having passed it several times, and she knew that it was a lonely road, and that she had no hope of escape except by her own exertions. For an hour she passed around and up and down, examining doors and windows, and vainly exerting her strength, and then she sat down with the conviction that she must remain a prisoner until the door was opened. Her independent spirit and naturally brave heart gave way at the utter helplessness of her situation, and her tears fell for the first time. Father in jail, her lover unaware of her situation, she helpless—the picture was a gloomy one.

Captain Lisle had plotted well, but he would be cheated of his prey. She would neither consent to marry him, nor should he secure revenge. When he came at night, he would find her dead.

As she sat there hugging her gloomy resolve, the voice of some one far away penetrated the house, and reached her ear. She started up and listened, and as it came nearer, she recognized the voice of Crazy Dan. He was singing in his harsh, unmusical voice the words of a ballad which she herself had taught him, or tried to teach him, and he seemed to be passing along the road. What strange freak of fancy had turned his steps that way, she did not stop to ponder, but she called again and again to him, and almost shrieked in despair as the heavy walls threw back her cries. He did not hear her; he passed on, on, and his voice was finally lost in the distance. Throwing herself down, the girl sobbed and wept like one who had lost every hope.

There it was again—his wild song! Some vagary had halted his steps, and turned him aside. The voice came nearer and nearer, his steps sounded on the earth, and he rapped heavily on the door, and shouted:

"Wake up! wake up! the world is on fire!"

She was up in an instant, and running to the window, she called:

"Dan! Dan! Dan! I am in here—Mollie Graham—Dan! Dan!"

"Ho! ho! wake up, I say," he replied, seemingly not to recognize the voice.

"Daniel! Daniel! don't you know me?" she shrieked; "I am in the house—in here!"

"That's Mollie! that's Mollie!" he replied, in a changed tone, and he shook the door heavily. "Let me in, I say—I want to see you!"

She seized a chair, and smashed out several panes of glass, and then her voice could reach him more distinctly. She told him that she was a prisoner unable to get out, and he was excited in a moment. He endeavored to kick the door in, and to wrench the boards off the windows, but failing in both cases, he ran off. She called to him, fearing that he was going to desert her, but he neither halted nor answered.

A few minutes passed, and as she was in despair again she heard him shout a pole up against the roof, on the back side of the house, and presently he crept across the roof. Then the dust and soot began to fall down the big chimney upon the broad fireplace, and he dropped down with a whoop and stood before her.

Her delight was so great that she seized his soot-colored hands, and almost dragged him around the room. Hope and courage came with him, and she felt that her escape was assured.

"Don't cry—I gave him the letter," said the lunatic, as he saw her tears of joy. "Oh! how the guns fired, and the soldiers shouted, and the houses burned!"

"Sit down, Daniel, and tell me all about it," she answered, and he obeyed. Waiting until his excitement had somewhat subsided, she couched her language in the simplest terms, and began to ask him questions. It was a hard task to keep his mind on the subject five minutes at a time, and she was a full hour obtaining the information desired. She finally knew the Captain's name, and a few men had raided into the village; that her letter had been delivered; that there had been a battle and a great fire, and then her mind came back to her situation.

"If you will help me out of here and go with me to the mountain, I will give you a horse and a sword," she said, "and the captain will give you a soldier's cap, and lots of silver."

"Daniel can't stay!" he answered, in a decided voice. "The world is going to burn up, and I must hurry and tell all the people!"

She had some silver with her, and tried to bribe him, but to her disappointment he was as firm as a rock. He even refused to attempt to break open the doors or the windows, and as she continued to flatter and plead, he rose up, saying:

"Daniel must go now; he can't stay another minute! Ho! ho! but the great big world is blazing and burning, and the people don't know it!"

She used every effort of language to detain him, and even laid hold of him, but he shook her off and clambered up the chimney like a squirrel. She could not follow; and when he had descended the roof, and his voice was lost in the distance, her despair was deeper and darker than before he came. Crouched down in the corner where she flung herself when hope died out again, she hardly realized any thing until the sun began to grow low in the west. In a few hours more Captain Lisle would come, and she must be ready with her plans. A coil of rope hung to a peg in the darkest corner, as if the old misanthrope who had inhabited the house had feared to hang it where his eyes would meet it. She walked over and took it down, but the touch of the hempen cord gave her a thrill. She had thought to hang herself with it, but she lacked the courage. Was there not a little hope that her persecutor would fail to come? A little hope that the lunatic would return and aid her to escape?

There was hope, and she flung the rope away. She felt braver and stronger for having conquered the evil spirit which urged her to take her own life; and as the sun went down, and the evening shadows came, she lighted the candle, and placed it in the broken window, hoping that the light shining through the crevices would catch the eye of the lunatic if he passed that way.

What answer should she make to the villain's proposition when he stood before her again? She would never marry him—never! She would not even deceive him and hope to escape by promising to become his wife. His

evil eyes seemed glaring at her through the darkness, and the recollection of his threats rung in her ears, but her nerves grew stronger, and her brave heart whispered that she could make a desperate defense.

It seemed hardly an hour after dark before she heard the gallop of a horse, the step of a man, and Captain Lisle turned the key in the door. His face was covered with an evil scowl, and he attempted no hypocrisy.

"You have been trying to escape, but you failed," he said, pointing to the shattered window.

She made no reply, and he removed his hat and hung his saber and belt to one of the wooden pegs in the logs.

"Now, then," he commenced, as he turned about, "I want your answer! You have had the day to make up your mind, and I want plain words!"

"You shall have them!" she replied, keeping her voice steady with an effort. "I will never marry you! I loathe and abhor you more than ever!"

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### TWENTY MILES ACROSS.

It was hardly daylight at the Pass before the sentinels posted on the rocks reported an advance of the British cavalry and a reinforcement of their picket post. Before ten o'clock a considerable detachment of cavalry arrived from the north, and the enemy broke camp and took a position nearer the base of the mountain, as if determined to reopen active hostilities at once.

"Thou now seest that I was correct in my argument," said the Quaker, as the news came in to Captain Tracy. "Thou art wanted here to encourage the men, while I can be spared as well as not."

More cavalry reinforced the enemy soon after noon, and as the Parson set out on his tramp down the range, the Colonists were busy fortifying, strengthening and making ready for the threatened attack. The Quaker dared not follow the base road further than the spot where his humble cabin had once stood, and where he had entered into his first battle. He had not visited the place since joining the mountaineers, and, as he sat down on a rock and gazed at the ashes of his home, he felt to remark:

"If I should meet a friend wearing the uniform of King George I hope that the evil spirit would not rise in my heart, but I fear that it would, and that I should smite him hard."

He had planned to go on his trip without taking weapons, but Captain Tracy would not consent and had forced him to accept of a pistol and a knife. He rose up with a sigh, as if he thought of the desolated homes along the base, and pushing up the side of the mountain he gained secure cover to work his way southward. Once in a while he found an opening through which he could look down upon the scene of destruction which the British had wrought, and now and then he caught sight of a band of cavalry moving across the country. The road running below him was clear of all travel, and an hour before sundown he reached the point from which he was to strike across the country. Looking down upon what was two weeks before a lovely, productive plain, he saw only a few orchards left standing. Houses and barns had been given to the flames, fences torn down or burned, and even the crops had been included in the general destruction. It would be a lonely journey across the plain, but a safe one he thought, and he sat down to wait for darkness.

Not a living thing except an occasional bird appeared in sight during the hour of waiting, and finally the Quaker was ready to move. Descending to the road, he was soon traversing the fields. If meeting with nothing to detain him he could reach the house of Lonely Webster by one o'clock, but he confessed to himself that he had little hope of discovering any thing after his arrival which would support the old crone's suspicions. If he did not, he had promised the captain that he would work his way down to the burned village and endeavor to learn all about the Grahams. Stepping off briskly, and having little fear of meeting danger, the Quaker passed over mile after mile, sometimes sighing as he passed the blackened site of a once happy home, and again feeling as if he were individually called upon to punish the vandals.

He had made half his distance, and was near a small hamlet called Fishville, containing about half a dozen houses, when, as he was crossing the highway in order to flank the hamlet on the south side, to evade a bad swamp, he suddenly heard the sharp click of a musket and he had been sitting in the shadow of the fence.

"I am glad that I discovered thee before thy fright had caused the wounding or killing of a good citizen!" said the Parson, halting in the highway. He was much put out at his ill-luck, but he would not seem frightened.

"What are you doing around here?" inquired the man, in an angry voice.

"Does war deprive a civilian of his right to the fields or highways?" asked the Parson.

"I don't know about that, but I know that you are my prisoner and that you'll go back to the reserve."

"If thou findest an enemy in every honest citizen who travels about, thou must have a hard time of it, though no powder is burned. I thank thee kindly for thy offer to accompany me toward the hamlet, but I must decline, as I go the other way."

"I'd as quick think you a spy as an honest man!" retorted the irritated soldier, "but, whether or no, you'll go back to the reserve!"

The men were five or six feet apart, and the soldier held his gun at order arms, probably thinking his capture nothing important.

"Perhaps thou wilt undergo a change of mind when thou readest this paper," said the Parson, pulling a piece of paper and advancing with it. He had planned what to do, and as the soldier reached for the paper he received a tremendous blow between the eyes which sent him down like a bag of sand. He did not even groan as he fell, and the Parson snatched the musket from the ground, leaped the fence, and crossed the field at a hard run. He had flanked and was beyond the village before the soldier recovered sufficiently to raise an alarm.

"Thou mayst shout now all thou desirest," mused the Parson as he ran, "but thou wilt be sharp if thou point out the route which I took. Thy eyes will not be of much service for a few days to come, and thy experience will teach thee not to be so lordly in future."

The hamlet was occupied by a considerable number of British troops, but the Parson safely passed through, and soon after midnight he was at the corners, "ten miles north" of Plainwell. Before leaving the fields he heard a horse come down the east road and turn toward Plainwell, going at a gallop, but he was too far off to be seen through the darkness. The Quaker listened sharply before climbing the fence, but he heard no other sounds and leaped down and started east. He was more cautious now than he had been, and as he neared the house he became almost afraid, though why he could not answer. It seemed to him as if he would make some unpleasant discovery, but he forced himself along and by and by was close to the hut.

There was no sound from within, no light, and by creeping around the Parson discovered that the front door was open. He picked up a stone and threw it in, but there was no movement. He repeated the precaution, and finally called out. Sure that no one was within, he finally advanced, entered, and struck a light. The candle was on the floor, and he lit it and looked around.

Mollie Graham's hat and shawl were on the floor! He picked them up, and as he turned he came near falling. Looking down to see what had occasioned his slip, he saw a great pool of blood on the floor, and there was blood-stained sabbat just beyond!

"The old crone was right, and I have come too late!" whispered the Parson, his face pale as death and his limbs trembling at the horrible discovery.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### CRAZY DAN'S EXPLOIT.

A DREPER, more malignant scowl came to Captain Lisle's face as the girl uttered her words in a voice which told him that she would meet death before she would consent to a marriage.

"Your proud spirit shall be humbled to the dust!" he hoarsely whispered, as he stood and glared at her. "Do you know that your rebel lover is dead—killed in the fight last night?"

He wanted to torture her, but he failed in his design. Crazy Dan would surely have discovered the fact, if Captain Tracy had fallen, and he had said nothing about it.

"It is false!" she said, in reply.

"It is true!" he repeated; "and had I thought, I would have brought his head along to prove it!"

She would not reply, but as he walked up and down the floor, she stepped behind the table and brought it between them.

"It has been thrown up to me to-day," he continued, after a moment; "the whole army will soon be ridiculing me on account of that disgraceful scene, the other day."

"You plotted to bring it about!" she replied; "you knew I did not love you!"

"And I didn't care!" he shouted, seizing the table and hurling it away.

"Touch me if you dare!" she said, as he seemed about to grasp her.

She was very pale, but she looked him straight in the eyes and seemed to defy him. He reached out, drew back his hand, and said, in a whisper:

"The hour of my revenge is here!"

"If you lay a finger on me, I will kill you!" she returned.

She had no weapons, but she frightened him for a moment with the threat.

"And I'm going to kill you, anyhow!" he hissed, recovering his courage and seizing her wrist. She sought to draw it away, when he also seized the other. She uttered a piercing scream as he tightened his grasp, and he was laughing in a brutal, exultant manner, when there came a sound as of some one walking on the roof.

The girl screamed again, and with a curse on his lips, he had let go of her wrists and raised his hand as if he would strike her, when a soot-covered object dropped down the chimney.

"Save me, Dan! save me!" she cried, as she recognized the lunatic.


Instantly as he was, he seemed to remember all that she had said that morning, and to realize the situation at a glance. He carried in his hand a stout club, and she had scarcely uttered her words, when he leaped forward and dealt the captain a heavy blow.

"Curse on him!" growled the villain, as he let go of the girl and retreated across to where his saber was hanging.

A sane man

hold, they had loved each other both wisely and well, as the sequel has shown.

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 WE should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail from the publisher, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers:**  
One copy, four months \$1.00  
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BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers,  
108 N. 3rd St., New York.

**A. P. Morris' New Romance**, soon to appear in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, will be perused with eager interest. It is a tale of varied elements of action, event and character, and as a story is exceedingly enticing. The *perils of orphan life*—the insanity of the burning desire for revenge—the power there is in money to make people do wrong—all are vividly brought out in the highly dramatic narrative.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Chat.**—Our Woman's World announces what is and what is to be in the coming styles. Momentous news! Bonnets are to have a low, broad crown and high coronet and be bonnet or hat. And are to be trimmed with currant red and dragons blood colored ribbon. And the hair is to be worn higher up on the head—in fact to be tied up in *stories*, like a Pisan tower.—"Law, Suz!" old Mrs. Tomoddy exclaims, "be this hat again 'on top' that tower?" Certainly, you old cabbage-head; and we are going to have Congress pass a law that every lady shall run up the American flag out of the top of that tower, in which event the bonnet will be the "liberty cap" to the flagpole. Any thing for sensation, you see. "But the women folks won't have no such contraption!" you say. Won't they? Why, if it was "the style," they would have a live monkey on the end of the flag-pole and carry their bonnet on a ten-foot stick. The fact is, Mother Tomoddy, you have lived too long; you are a kind of terror to your girls, and will have to be knocked in the head.

—Speaking of the death of one of the rich men of Cooperstown, N. Y., the *Republican* of that place writes:

"In the death of Mr. Averell the poor and friendless lose a benefactor. Unostentatiously he gave liberally of his means—few knew how many a dark chamber of the heart was made glad by the substantial gifts of his charity. His house was always the hospitable home; the welcome extended almost sincere."

Rich men rarely die to leave such a memory behind. The gathering of riches seems to harden the heart; and, as a rule, the richer a man becomes, the less his charity, in proportion to his means. Only a few exceptions, here and there, like the above, to redeem the race of rich men from utter condemnation.

—One of the young men who earns what he calls "a paltry twenty dollars per week," writes to know what to do about it. He is in love with a girl whose parents are very wealthy, and she loves him in return well enough to become his wife; but, as he can not keep her on \$20 per week he asks—must he give her up? Certainly, if she marries you to be supported in style. If you are a resolute, honest young fellow, you'll soon get above \$30 per week; if she is a good, worthy girl, she will not care whether you have \$20 or \$40 or \$100 per week to live on, but will be ready to work with you and for you. If she will not do that—drop her!

—"The SATURDAY JOURNAL is a valued exchange, and is among the best of the literary weeklies. Its columns contain stories and sketches by the best authors, who have helped to give the paper its reputation." The *Illinois Republican* says this, and it starts the query—is it wise for a good country weekly to recommend its readers to take another paper than its own? Many editors and publishers heartily answer "No!" and from them the great popular weeklies receive but little favor. Another, and a wiser class respond a cheerful "Yes!" for they recognize the fact, demonstrated over and over again, that it is always best, even in a selfish point of view, to encourage what is good. The popular weeklies, by their wide dissemination, greatly develop a taste for reading. Thousands upon thousands of persons become persistent readers, who, in the lack of the strong incentive to mental entertainment and instruction, imparted by the well-connected and amazingly cheap metropolitan weekly, would have taken little or no interest in literature. The paper above quoted is liberal-minded enough to comprehend this truth, and really helps itself in speaking well of its co-laborers in the great field of journalism that may be called, with eminent propriety, THE PEOPLE'S OWN.

## A CAR INCIDENT.

We were rushing through the country in those railway cars, and how we did wonder when we should reach our destination unharmed and sans broken limbs, when our cogitations—by no means agreeable ones, as they were thoughts of possible accidents—were interrupted by noticing a wan-looking man, clad in Uncle Sam's blue uniform, who handed us a book, which he wished us to purchase.

It was no heavy book, but merely a few printed pages, plainly stitched together, mentioning the various battles he had been in, and the one in which he received the bullets that caused him the loss of a leg, and gave him a shattered arm. I bought a copy, and gave him the poor man than from any enjoyment I might get out of a volume chronicling the sufferings of my poor fellow-beings. I just "took a survey of the premises" to see what would happen.

The next person he offered his book to was a young miss, who had one continual smirk upon her face, as though she considered herself to be the personification of beautiful simplicity. But you ought to have seen the frown that came over her features as the book was handed her. She couldn't afford to throw away twenty-five cents in such a manner, not she! Yet it wasn't five minutes ago she spent that amount in candies and apples. Supposing the book could be read through in ten minutes, was that any reason she shouldn't help this poor soldier?

The next one addressed was a young man, who gave a shrug of his shoulders, a grunt like a hog, and a negative nod of his head. Times were too hard for him to buy such things. Times didn't seem so hard but what he could buy tobacco, cigars, and one of those vile illustrated sheets that no decent person would look at. I wish he had been my brother just for three minutes, so I could have given him a gen-

tle shaking, and after that I wouldn't care whose paternal relative he was so long as he wasn't mine.

The soldier needn't have addressed that fat-looking individual, for there was no glow of charity in his countenance; he had done his "duty" to his country during the war by making a fortune—yet not in a very honorable manner, either; how could any one with a particle of common sense expect aid from him?

But that poorly clad woman did not nod her head. Her thoughts went back to the time when her son had found a soldier's grave in Southern soil, and she could feel for others though her own heart was sore. Perhaps she deprived herself of some needed comfort as she pressed the required sum in the man's hand; but she gave him more than money—she gave him a "God always prosper you," and did not those words make his tired heart better able to bear the buffets and repulses he had met with and had yet to encounter?

When I see the many unkindnesses that daily beset my path, I feel like uttering the same remark made to me once by a little street-sweeper, whom I had given a few coppers to. "Why can't all folks be kind and good and generous, when it's just as easy as to push us aside with a wheel?"

Well, why can't we? Because we are selfish, and because we are not unfortunate ourselves, we can not see any reason that others should be so. We seem to imagine that the Golden Rule was intended for a past generation and by no means had any thing to do with us. If we believe in being charitable at all we also believe that we should sit with arms folded and let others do what is our duty to perform. Now that belief will never get us to heaven. It will make us look even more mean and despicable than we now are in the eye of God.

We are talked to and preached at, but it does not seem to improve us one whit, simply because we don't try to remedy our faults ourselves. That car incident might seem trivial to others, but in it there was a great lesson learned by

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

*Glorious News! Atlantic Safely Crossed by the Saturday Journal's Balloon, the "Aeronautica," under Command of Washington Whitehorn. Special Dispatch by Cable to the New York Saturday Journal.*

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**  
It is with great pleasure that I inform you of the safe passage of the Atlantic of the monster balloon, which was fitted out under the auspices of the SATURDAY JOURNAL—the largest ever constructed. For the benefit of your readers allow me to give a description of this celebrated car of Aer, which was built entirely under my own supervision, as I knew all about taking flights in the air, having been tossed high in the sky often when I was a boy by mad steers, and having served my time in making out of the chimney. Here we were put in for ballast, a mucher deck was added to help lighten time should time weigh too heavily on the balloon and us.

The following is taken from my memorandum book:  
Six o'clock. The rope being cut, we sailed straight up for four miles, when, through the carelessness of Smith, who, without due precaution, shifted his quid of tobacco over to his right cheek, the balloon turned upside down, and all hands fell up-stairs, and came near falling out of the chimney. Here we were far above the earth in this horrible position, and nothing but my great presence of mind and deep foresight prevented the entire failure of the expedition. For I jumped out with all hands, and getting levers under the balloon, we pried it right side up again. Told Smith to be more careful next time, and we started again, with the wind blowing east at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and no stations to stop at.

Half-past six. Examined our case of scientific instruments, and found all in order except the jeweler's; but the compass was missing. Finding we were just now descending too rapidly, suggested that we proceed to reduce the ballast by drinking beer; drank half a gallon each, and the balloon is now rising. North and south poles are seen very plainly. New York, as seen through the bottom of a glass bottle, looks very hazy in the distance. Evening very cool; had to order the porter to make a roaring fire in the fireplace, and let the windows down.

Half-past eight. Just let a brick drop, and after waiting to hear it plunge into the sea, and after just fourteen miles up. Balloon showed signs of turning over again when Brown thoughtlessly got his feet over too much on one side to tramp on his partner's foot as we were making scientific observations on the eucher deck, and we found it necessary to throw out ropes preparatory to climbing down in case the Aeronautica went to pieces. Every thing all right now, and progressing finely, except these scientific pursuits, which seem to be a little interrupted on account of Robinson, who, picking up one of the counters, insists that the last trick is his, because the deuce is one more than the ace.

Ten o'clock. Still drifting eastward, so swiftly that a while ago we all jumped out, caught hold of ropes, and held the balloon back, which somewhat regulated the speed. Stars shining brightly above us. Went up into the garret, and looked through the skylight, to get a nearer view; looked through the bottoms of tumblers at stars, but found it impossible to turn a tumbler upside down without spilling contents—contents saved. Are now going to bed.

Twelve o'clock. Awful crash; thought house had fallen down; all knocked clean out of bed; find we had run against the moon, and knocked a horn off; could hear the old man swear like a trooper, and threatening to bring suit for malicious destruction of property, but we soon left the moon behind. It's Jones' treat and we go to bed again.

Daylight. Two more crashes during the night, one from knocking one of Jupiter's moons clear out of the planetary system, and the other by knocking half a section of Saturn's ring to pieces; night somewhat disturbed, too, by Brown having nightmare, and then wanting to go home; tried to persuade him to go; he declined, saying he always hated to venture out alone in the night, but if Robinson would go with him, he would walk back to New York; but he was persuaded to take a "night-cap." He remained.

Nine o'clock. Are descending rapidly; jumped out and tried to hold balloon back; no use; lightened ballast in the kegs to no effect; held council of war to determine whether we should not all abandon the balloon. Sea in sight, and rapidly nearing; perhaps this is our last hour. If I should never survive, I would take it as a great favor if some kind-hearted gentleman would pay that little bill I owe that big tailor, or the big bill which I owe the little butcher. I should be satisfied if this was done. These never bothered me till now. I never knew what a change would come over a man in presence of danger. I seal this in an empty bottle, which was easy to find, and shall cast it out directly.

Eleven o'clock. We were just ready to drop on the deck of a Cunard steamship, when all the passengers raised a terrific squall which checked our descent and carried us into a current of air blowing eastward, and we have been scudding along finely at the rate of eighty-five miles an hour, at a height of three hundred feet. We have taken observations at the barometer, with sugar and lemon in it, and find that we are rapidly nearing the English coast. As this expedition is in the cause of science, we have resumed our scientific studies, and Jones went ahead on the last deal with only one to go.

One o'clock, p. m. Hailed several vessels; all wanted us to drop them a line and let them hitch on, but had to decline as we were in a hurry and couldn't stop. Are now ascending with great velocity. Have just ordered all hands to get up on their feet and bear down with all their might to check the ascent, but it don't work. Are now among the clouds; and now we are stuck between two very dense clouds and are fearful of being crushed to death.

Two o'clock. Have just succeeded in pushing the clouds away with long poles, and have let a long rope down with heavy weight, attached to it to pull us down; are slowly descending, but still moving eastward. Ireland in sight! Erin go bragh!

Four, p. m. Passed over the city of Cork; took fourteen steeples off; people thought it was the Day of Judgment coming in the air; are now over the Channel; Jones lost his balance and fell out just now, but I sent Smith down after him, quick. He caught him before he reached the water by the coat-tails; brought him back all right. Are now over England and rapidly approaching London, but veering a little to the south of it. Must get all hands out and pry balloon around a little more. Shall light in front of Langham Hotel just in time for supper. All well.

Here ends memorandum. We landed without any difficulty, though balloon came down on a crowd and killed sixteen men, but they didn't say a word about it. In the language of Shakespeare, "We are all hunkry dory." We expect to return the same way and shall start in a few days. Till then, adieu.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Airy-naught.

## Woman's World.

*Coming Fashions in Fabrics, Colors, Hats, Bonnets and Ornaments.—The Hair, Crinoline and Short Dress.—How to Make Old Clothes almost as good as New.*

For several weeks before the fashions of a new season are announced, there is a whisper of coming styles among the dry-goods and millinery merchants. Fabrics are the first things that we see changing their appearance as they lie on the counters. Before summer is well over, and while her gauzy tissues in their delicate hues still tempt the late purchaser to one more dress before the warm days are over, there is seen among these sheer materials a sprinkling of the first fall goods, and these who hasten back to town before the first of September with nothing to do but to begin the preparation for the coming winter campaign of pleasure or business, will find the dapper dry-goods clerk ready to show and sell "the earliest importations" from Europe, and first seasonable "productions" of the American manufacturer for fall dresses.

The impression made on my mind by a hasty survey I have made of these first temptations, since my return to the city this fall, is, that while we are to have a repetition of the fabrics and colors of last winter in the new goods, they are in deeper, fuller tints, and the materials are even more limp and flexible than those we admired so much last season, for their peculiar adaptability to soft, graceful drapery.

Some new camel's hair goods which have been opened, show a tufted surface, the tufts being round and having the effect of polka dots. This material is soft, silken, immensely wide, and durable beyond any thing sold, for polonaises, redingotes or outer garments. Plum and a dark silver gray are the most frequent colors of this fabric. It is over two yards wide, and is now priced at \$4 a yard.

Very broad, diagonal woolen goods, the diagonals as broad as the goods so fashionable for gentlemen's wear, this summer, are to be used for polonaises, and here I will remark that this useful garment will probably be just as popular as ever, only slightly varied in form. Polonaises of these almost diagonal cloths, and of camel's hair cloth, overskirts of silk or of lustrous alpaca, will be very fashionable for early fall suits.

Brown, dark iron-gray, bronze, dark Napoleon blue, blue-black, and purple-black, and the un-definable colors of last year, only darker and deeper, almost black, are all back again. Cashmeres and merinos also are seen in these colors.

White polka-dotted cashmeres are brought out for morning dresses and children's clothing. The grounds are dark blue or plum color, the dots either white or black or of a paler shade of the ground color.

The English prints for autumn and winter with small hexagonal or Greek squares in one paler color, or two shades of the same color. Other figures on these prints are small snail-shells, leaves, comets' tails, true-lover's knots, and tiny bouquets in quaint colors.

It is said that the coming bonnet is to have a low broad crown and a high coronet. It will be worn either as a hat or bonnet, but far back on the head. Velvet and felt will be the favorite materials, but pure silk and straw hats, in dark colors, will be worn early in the season.

Current red, and dragon's blood, a dark shade of brownish red, changeable with green, are among the new colors in ribbons for trimming bonnets. It was evident to any but a very superficial observer of the mutations of the fickle goddess, that those pale, ghostly shades, used in millinery for the last two seasons, could not have a long or popular run of favor. This season, whenever a pale shade of silk or ribbon is introduced, on a hat or bonnet, it will be only to throw out the richness of the same color in a full, deep tint. Large roses, and bouquets of every imaginable field

flower, imitating nature to the life, will be worn under the brims of black velvet round hats, while sweeping plumes are to adorn them, floating around or above the crown. Finely-cut steel, and seeded jet ornaments, are used for trimmings on all the imported hats for the coming season.

Now, while I have mentioned what will be the prevailing New York styles, I must not forget to apprise my readers that the real Parisian winter fashions are never brought out till near December. The truly fashionable Parisian stays in the country till the latter part of November. Among these ultra fashions it is rumored there is to be a revival of the short-skirt walking dress, worn with a jacket or Dolman wrap—no tunic and no polonaise. But if this sensible style of attire is worn in Paris, we can not hope to have it in New York before next spring. The skirts of these short dresses are to be elaborately trimmed with ruffles, puffs and flounces, and a simulated *tour-nure* drapery in the back.

The hair will not be worn any lower. On the contrary, the indications now are that it will go up higher still, and be arranged in a number of puffs, bands and braids, till it resembles a tower on the top of the head. So at least say my friends just returned from the French capital.

Of course I have given only a hint of what we are to wear next season. The peculiar style of garments and the trimmings and ornaments will not be fully known for some weeks hence.

I will close with a hint to those who have cashmere, merino and other all-wool material, or silk dresses left from last winter, that have lost their first freshness of color, or have become soiled. Now is the time to rip up those garments and send them to the dyer's. All the faded, ghostly tints of last winter's fabrics can be dyed in full, deep shades of the basis of the old tint, and with the addition of a few yards of silk cashmere, merino, or velvet of the same color, or black, you can produce a garment that will look almost as good as new, and with a little ingenuity the fashion of it can easily be changed and adapted to the prevailing style.

Crinoline is now a thing of the past, only a very small bustle being worn.

EMILY VERDERY.

## Our Omnibus.

A very happy collection is the following which suggests a great deal more than it says—a rare virtue!

### A BOUQUET OF BOOKS.

In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "The Woman in White" "Sat. alone," "After Dark," one cold winter's night, like others, she had loved, "Not wisely, but too well," "Hard Times" had come, and with fear her heart felt. Her "Fatal Marriage" with "Oliver Twist" rose up before her, enveloped in mist. She thought, the time, the tenth of May, When first she saw sweet "Marian Grey." They played "Hide and Seek," in "Cudjo's Cave," "The House of the Dead," "The Good and Beautiful," Little then they thought that "Twenty years after" "The descent of Man" would excite so much laughter.

J. B. H.

One of our correspondents, we would infer, had an uncle who would go after "bargaining," and this reminded her nephew of the pitfalls for the unwary which our police forget to placard "Beware of Pit!" So he just takes up his pen and writes us:

### AN AGE OF SHAMS.

This is emphatically an age of shams, an age of swindles. Sharpers, men possessed of a goodly supply of shrewdness and a deplorable lack of honesty, are in many cases amassing enormous fortunes by practicing their wiles on their unwary brethren.

My neighbor, John Smith, takes up his newspaper for a while at night after his day's work is done, and almost the first thing, his eye falls on a glaring announcement in the most conspicuous part of the sheet to the effect that the pitiful sum of five dollars sent to "Grabit, Tekkal and Skinner, No. 9,999 Broadway, N. Y.," will secure him a heavy gold watch, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, by return mail.

Now neighbor Smith is a poor man with a wife and eight or nine small "pledges of affection" to maintain; and his wife and each of the eight or nine "pledges" aforementioned has a mouth to be filled, a back to be clothed, and a pair of feet to be shod. And Smith, assured that a rare opportunity has been offered him to better his fortune, speaks of remitting the required amount, "a mere nothing," he tells Tekkal and Skinner, with the value of the beautiful gold watch he is to receive in exchange. "But what will you do with a gold watch, John Smith?" says the prudent mother of the little Smiths. "You're not able to carry it, John. Better buy me that shawl I spoke about last week." "But I can sell it, Nancy," he says, "and buy us a cow and ever so many things besides." And away goes the money by the next morning's post. The consequence is that neighbor Smith is swindled out of his money, and Nancy has to do without the shawl, and two or three of the "pledges" are deprived of some needed comforts.

Now isn't it time that something was done to stop the constantly and rapidly increasing tide of shams? Our newspapers, whose aim it ought to be, and in many cases undoubtedly is, to warn and protect the great reading public against these human sharks, are the very instruments employed by them to trap the great multitude of gullibles. There is a class of people who seem to consider it a blessed privilege to be swindled, but there are those who, like neighbor Smith, can ill afford to contribute to the coffers of these unprincipled Peter Funks. Let papers reject all advertisements of a questionable character, and swindled ones will cease to flourish.

M. O. R.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL devotee "wreaths thought upon expression," thus:

### THE PAPER FOR ME!

You may talk about your papers, Magazines, and all the rest, But give me the WEEKLY STAR JOURNAL. 'Tis that I love the best. It contains all that's interesting, Yes, everything you need; There's short and long stories—just the thing, And a story by the Wizard Myne Reid.

Reid's "Tracked to Death" I think Is far ahead of any story yet That ever came to life through printers' ink— My last dime on that, you bet! With authors like Reid, Morris and Alken Is enough in my opinion, now, To send all other papers out a-shaking, Or compel them to the JOURNAL to bow.

R. P. UNDERWOOD.

## THE ORIGIN OF HAND-SHAKING.

The Romans had a goddess whose name was *Fides*, or *Fidelity*—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honors. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of candor, frankness and modesty, and her symbol was two right hands joined, and sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements among the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact, and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage—No MSS. reserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our editors' first object must be to secure, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note also paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it the following number:—A subject which implies a want of variety. Most MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following we shall find room for in our "accepted" repertoire:—"Tempered," "A Beautiful Presence," "Topsy" (if original); "Eleven Years Ago," "A Very Matter-of-fact Story," "The Velvet-headed Critic," "A True Mother's Plan," "The Wrong Face," "Answer for Answer," "The Robber's Trick."

These contributions for various reasons, we must decline, viz.:—"A Californian Adventure," "The Rival Cousins," "Our Charlie," "Household Pets," "A Nobleman in Disguise," "The Night She Died," "A Peasant's Love," "The Peasant's Love," "A Piece of News," "The Gad," "Patent Pills," "The Wagoner's Song."

CHAPMAN MYNNE's poem is most excellent if it is all her own, as we trust it is. It is twisted and rolled tightly must wait several weeks for the MS. to flatten out again so that it can be read.

Authors always should write their full address on the first page of their contribution. An address written on some inside page may never be noticed.

FRED B. We have no faith in the firm named, or in any person who will do a business of the nature which we infer from your inquiry.—Your second query we do not comprehend.

CAPT. MARYATT. "Old Hercules" will cost you 42 cents. None of Capt. Maryatt's novels are included in Beadle's Dime Novels Series. All novels in that series are original, by the very best living writers.—Ned Bunline has written quite a number of the American Tales Series, published by Beadle and Adams.

DERRICK. Gold prospecting in New Mexico is a useless waste of time and money. No gold-mining or mining pays now but that where immense capital and machinery are interested.—For two hearty young men we should say, raise in New York or Kansas was a capital business.—Ask some general ticket agent regarding fares.

E. P. H. Are eyes so cheap and paper so dear that it is necessary to put the contents of three pages on one? You should send seven or eight small pieces like this. We will read your MS. when we have nothing else to do and our mind is inquisitively inclined.

The love sketch by Josie V. T. is very well written and properly expressed, but the story is a manifestation of commonplace. The young writer must have something original to relate—something that has more than an everyday interest in it. Our readers will be glad to read "Hattie's Visit" will do very well for a beginning.

C. A. A. We already have once or twice explained what is meant by the term "patent" in relation to contributions. The papers of small circulation, in order to economize and yet give a real good weekly, buy paper having once or twice the pages generally printed at some large office where a special machine produces half-printed sheets. These "patent" pages are usually far better reading than the home office could supply.

PETER B. G. The new Postal Law forbids all free postage. Even the President of the U. S. is not able to "frank" matter. This is a great reform. You must prepare your postages fully or you shall be compelled to make up the deficit on each letter or package.

MISS B. F. G. Yes, Poe did die of *delirium tremens*, induced by a sudden debauch. All the stuff written by certain sentimentalists about "poetic genius" is no more than to desperation, and the "cold charities of the cruel world" is the merest nonsense. Poe drank liquor for the same reason that a man who is not to be trusted, one, his natural one, was that of a man not to be trusted, faithful, untruthful, dishonorable; the other was that of a man who was an adept in dissimulation and gallantry. This is all there is to the matter.

P. C. O. An experiment of fattening geese was tried some time since by cutting up a small piece like this, and placing in a trough of water. With this food alone, six geese, weighing nine pounds, increased twenty pounds in one month. Mail is an excellent food also for geese and turkeys.

THEODORE L. The ancient Hebrews had the same belief of our American Indians—*id est*, that any child or creature peculiarly gifted was a manifestation from God, and that a beautiful tree was a tree of God. They believed in constant divine or special interpositions. A little of the Indian faith in white communities would not hurt them.

BACHELOR. To the celebrated Fontenelle has been ascribed the saying that women have a fiber more in the heart and less in the brain than men. But, unfortunately for Fontenelle, he lived before "brain cells" were an established scientific fact.

W. A. T. We are aware of the popular saying: It is *patience* that governs a man in youth, *ambition* in middle life, *avarice* in old age; but, like a great many popular conceptions, it is not a general truth, for avarice is by no means a necessary attribute of old age.

JOCKEY. That horses have a language of their own is evident, but what that language consists in, whether it be voice alone, bodily expression, or gesture, will be difficult to decide. It is well known that, among the wild herds of our Irishman drinks from a well, and America, and also in the Ukraine, an orderly and political system is pursued, which clearly proves the existence of a natural language, and a language which they understand the wishes of their leader. In South America the election of a leader is certainly made by the whole herd, when a new leader is promptly obeyed. Dr. Good says that the chief of a herd is generally chosen for about five years, and then a new election is held, another leader chosen, and the old commander falls back into his former place in the ranks. Sometimes, however, he is not often, and never has a mare been known to be made a leader, in this Republic of Horse Government! Hereby might a moral be drawn for those families anxious to indulge in petticoat government. Susan B. we suppose, after this fact becomes known, will never ride a horse.

WALTER D. The year does not consist of exactly 365 days complete, but of 365 1/4 days, hours, minutes and 50 seconds, which in every four years makes one day more, making the 28th of February, or leap year.

LAURA. We have never before met the quotation, and do not know who wrote it, but it is really very beautiful, and some of our numerous readers may know the author, we, as you suggest, give it:

Why should she close her eyes to his feet pressed—  
Go ask the moss on which thy foot is pressed—  
Why it adheres so closely to the rock,  
Whose iron surface is so hard and cold to rock.  
The feeble efforts by these tendrils shown,  
To fix their roots within a barren stone,  
While all their food is drawn from night's cold tears alone!

LAUNDRY. You will find that a great improvement can be made in washing white clothes—*not* too woollen or calicoes—by adding to five gallons of soft water one-half gallon lime-water, and a pint and a half of soft soap and two ounces carbonate of soda.

SUFFERER. It is asserted that common cranberry juice, applied several times externally, is a specific cure for ring-worm.

M. LE GORE. When you feel the need of acids, let vinegar alone, and use lemons. You will find that they will satisfy the craving you have, and not injure you at all. Lemons, limes and oranges will most likely to eat, if not indulged in too extravagantly.

CLERGYMAN. Yes; excellent paper is now manufactured from wood. Only certain soft woods can be used, the basswood being the popular best, and the best in the pulp. This pulp mixed with cotton, makes paper of various grades.

STUDENT. The earliest written monument of modern German language is a translation of the Gospels from the Latin into German, by Bishop Uphilas, about A. D. 380.—In France schools were first established in the sixth century, but reading and writing and best Latin were all that was taught in them.

OLD MAD. Taking into consideration the habits of our people, human health and life are certainly benefited by drinking tea and coffee at breakfast and supper. These are stimulants which in this age our systems crave and need, and they are both stimulating and nutritious.

A. H. W. It is an old Arab legend, that Mahomet turned the crow from white to black for calling out "Ghar, ghar, ghar," which means "Cave, cave, cave," and thereby directing his enemies to the cave in which he was hiding. The English word *crow* is the Syrian name for raven.

J. D. W. By "lynch law" is meant the practice of punishing crimes and offenses without a legal trial by unauthorized persons. The term originated from the fact that a Judge Lynch, in



tervals is he seen on deck, and then staying but a short time.

While he is up, the pirates suspend operations, and stand innocently idle, resuming them as he again goes below.

Over an hour is spent in these insidious preparations, which are at length complete. Every thing has been got into the boat, except that which is to form its most precious freight.

And now the pirates again come together to consult about the final step, for the time to take it is rapidly drawing nigh.

It is one so serious as to make the most hardened among them shrink from taking the initiative, for it is the disposal of those destined as the victims of their villainy.

The general intention is understood by all, and has been tacitly determined already. The seniors are to be seized, and taken on shore; the other three to be dealt with in a different way.

About the abduction there is no difference of opinion; the sounders are unanimous. Willing or not, the girls must go with them, whether for what purpose, no one has yet named. Only, there exists a sort of tacit understanding that they are to go with Gomez and Hernandez, these two having all along shown a predilection, and asserted a claim, which none of the others have disputed.

How to deal with Don Gregorio, the skipper, and cook, is deemed a more delicate question, since these are to be disposed of in a way that comes home to the conscience of those who have such.

For a time they stand silent, waiting for some one who may summon courage to speak. There is one who can do this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, in whose breast stirs not the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second mate, Padillo.

Breaking silence, he says: "Let us cut their throats, and have done with it."

Despite its laconicism, and the hardened auditory to whom it is addressed, the horrid proposal does not find favorable response. Several speak in opposition. Harry Blow first, and loudest. Despite his broken word and forfeited faith, the old man-o-war's man is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder thus coolly. Some of those around him may have already committed this crime; but he does not yet feel up to it.

Opposing Padillo's counsel, he says:

"What need for our killin' them? For my part I don't see any."

"And for your part what would you do?" sneeringly retorts the second mate.

"Give the poor devils a chance for their lives, an' let 'em go."

"How let them go?" asks Davis.

"Why, set the barque's head to sea. As the wind's off the shore she'd soon carry them beyond sight o' land, an' we'd never hear another word about 'em."

"No, no! that won't do," protest several, in the same breath. "They might get picked up, and we'd hear too much about them."

"Carrai!" ironically exclaims Padillo, "that would be a wise proceeding! Just the way to get our throats in the garrota. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grandee kind. And should he ever set foot ashore, after this, he'd have influence enough to make every spot of earth too hot to hold us. There's an old adage about dead men telling no tales. Maybe some of you know it to be a true one? Take my advice, *camaradas*, and let us act up to it. What's your opinion, *Señor Gomez*?"

"My opinion," responds Gomez, now speaking for the first time, "is that there's no need for any difference in yours. Mr. Blow's against the spilling of blood, and so am I. Still we can't let them off as he counsels. That would be something more than madness; it might be suicide. Still I see no necessity for a cold cutting of throats. There is a way between I'd recommend, that'll spare us doing so."

"What way?" demand several voices. "Tell us, *Chif Gomez*!"

"Oh! it's simple enough; you must all have thought of it, as well as I. Of course we intend sinking the ship. She's not likely to go down till we're a long way off—in all likelihood out of sight. We can leave them on board, and let them go quietly down along with her."

To this humane compromise several signify their assent; more swayed by its cleverness than its humanity.

Not so Padillo: the inhuman monster, to whom killing seems congenial, sticks to his text, and makes reply by repeating his proposal.

"How are we to help it?" he asks, with an air of *naïveté*, under the circumstance ludicrous. "The skipper will be sure to resist, and so will the old Don. What then? We'll be compelled to cut their throats, knock them on the head, or pitch them overboard. For my part I don't see the object of making such bother about it. I still say, let's slip their wind at once!"

"Dash it, man!" cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, "you Spanish chaps 'pear to be a ugly way o' doin' business in a job o' this sort. In the Australian bush we chop them so blood-thirsty. When we stick up a chap there, so long's he don't cut up nasty, we settle things by splicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to his meditations. Why can't we do the same w' the skipper an' the Don, supposin' 'em to show refractory?"

"That's it!" exclaims Davis, indorsing Striker's proposal; "my old chum's got the right idea of sich things. Let's do as he says!"

"Beside," continues the ex-convict, "this bizness seems to me simple enough. We want the swag, an' some may want the weenness. Well, we can get both without the necessity o' doin' murder. As Gomez say, let 'em go down w' the ship."

Striker's remonstrance sounds strange—under the circumstances serio-comic.

"What might you call murder?" mockingly asks Padillo. "Is there any difference between their getting drowned and having their breath stopped by a blow? Not much to them, I take it; and no more to us. If there's a distinction, it's so small I can't see it. *Carrai!* no!"

"Whether you see it or not, then," interposes Harry Blow, "Striker's right; an' for myself, as I've already said, I object to spillin' blood, when the thing isn't absolute necessary. By leavin' 'em aboard they may get drowned, as you say, *Señor Padillo*. But it'll keep our hands clear o' the red murder."

"That's true!" shout several. "Let's take the Australian way of it, and tie them up."

The assenting voices are nearly unanimous, and Striker's compromise is carried.

Thus far every thing is determined. It only remains to talk of some details of action, and apportion to every one his part.

For this very few words suffice. It is arranged that the first mate, assisted by Davis, a sort of ship's carpenter, shall see to the scuttling of the vessel. Gomez and Hernandez are to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat, as they best can; while Padillo is to head the party intrusted with the seizing and stowage of the gold.

In fine the hellish plan is complete, and the moment of action near!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 179.)

## THE STAR OF DESTINY.

BY ANONITE.

In weal or woe, where'er we go,  
O'er seas and lands afar,  
Oh, have we not one glowing spot,  
Our faithful Polar star,  
Our guiding, guarding star?

When storms arise, and cloudy skies  
Obscure our onward track,  
And ominous spears with malice keen  
Would turn us sorrowing back—  
Would drive us madly back—  
Would drive us madly back—

The sparkling still our stars fulfill  
Their hopeful missions to us,  
And bid us dry the tearful eye,  
Showing bright visions to us—  
Opening sweet visions to us.

When glory bright illumines your night,  
And wealth and honors too,  
Still ne'er forget the star that yet  
Shines twinkling out for you—  
Shines sparkling bright for you.

Select one: fair, with chestnut hair,  
And sparkling, soulful eye,  
And trust thy soul to her control,  
"Thy star of destiny—  
Bright star of destiny."

I know it well, I've felt the spell;  
The hope's resistless power,  
To think that she is watching thee,  
And aiding every hour—  
And guarding every hour.

And when before the parson's door  
Thy transient steps are seen,  
Then let that fair go with thee there,  
"Thy star of destiny—  
Bright star of destiny."

Then o'er thy life thy star-like wife  
Shall cast a ray of love,  
And by thy side whate'er betide,  
Shall still for thee be seen—  
Shall always there be seen.

## The Creole Wife:

### THE COUSIN'S SCHEME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTEE," "STRANGE AND WELL," "THE CREOLE WIFE," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTECTOR," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### HEART OR MIND?

OUT beyond the flowering screen and across the stretch of open lawn walked Mrs. Leland and the man who had once exercised a very powerful influence in deciding that part of her future which had since become her past. The golden sunset streamed down everywhere about, touching the tall heads of the maples, trees which fringed the outskirts of the grounds, lying, a mellow flood, on the open sward, mingling with the tremulous shades of the shrubbery, and gilding the grim, dark walls and narrow windows of the Homestead until for once they were bathed in soft brightness.

"Such a noble old patriarchal domain! such 'turrets and domes and serried walls'—to give the imagination a trifle of license!—such acres upon acres, not to say miles upon miles, of fertile fields and productive forests! No wonder you covet some interest in the reversion of the same, Darcy. I only wonder that, with your shrewd tact and facility for rendering black into white, you have not succeeded in getting at least a very fair share of it into your clutches—I only wonder that the estate has remained intact so far."

Mrs. Leland threw a little spiteful sneer into her words. She was fairly installed now; she had been recognized in the position she had set her mind upon gaining in the Homestead; she had made the impression she most desired upon the old lover, who had been willing once to lay all these enviable possessions at her feet, and now she was prepared to show this evil genius of hers in times past how well she had read him through, inscrutable and unreadable as his outer aspect and inner life might be to the world at large.

"You credit me with too flattering abilities," he answered. "Much as I am inclined to merit your confidence, I must disclaim the possession of such effective attributes."

"You are too modest by far, but then true merit always is retiring. I should not suppose you would disclaim the ability of effecting any thing earthly after some instances I might cite. A man who can prevent one marriage, effect another, and annual still another, without the willing cooperation of any of the parties most interested, ought surely to stop at no small odds in gaining the one desire which has been paramount with him all his life. I repeat, I wonder that you have not found means to gain it before this. I wonder that no second will be ever unearched of that Leaning-to-the-home-of-my-fathers Casselworth of three generations back, or that the studious present head has not been encouraged to experimenting in chemicals to the detriment of his laboratory and the grief of the next heir. The existence of an heiress renders the last suggestion rather out of place, but I use them both as illustrative cases. I wonder your fertile genius should fall back to the old hackneyed plan of 'my son and your daughter shall wed, shall wed.' It is very desirable, I dare say, to keep the family name alive and the family concentrated, but you may find it not at all the same to have all your covet go down to the next generation. Gilbert may be a dutiful son and yet not so amenable to sweet persuasion as the present master of the Homestead."

"My dear Mrs. Leland, I have renounced ambition on my own score. As you hint, this thing of waiting for 'dead men's shoes' is a very uncertain and tiresome business, especially when the shoes promise to be so near one's own feet. Whatever attraction the rent-roll might have had once upon a time, they are not to be considered potent now. I have no need to envy even my cousin Elmer his very respectable yearly income; regarding my desire to see Gilbert succeed, that is another thing."

"Then it is all true, this story people tell, that you are a second King Midas, whose touch has turned every thing into gold. Take care, Mr. Darcy Casselworth! Riches have a faculty of taking wing, you know, and the speculator's board may not prove more certain in the end than you found the green-table of old. I believe if I had any deep-rooted, lingering ill-will against you, I shouldn't crave surer vengeance than might be brought about by the delirium which is very apt to attend such gambling upon a mammoth scale."

"Your warning proves that you are not so averse to me, Faustia. Not so averse," leaning forward and looking fairly into the striking face, "but you might wish me well instead of ill in any cause I may undertake. I have been speculating to myself since the night you came here, less than a week ago, how differently all our lives might have run had the wealth which has come to me since been mine twenty years ago. How it is possible they may run smoothly yet that it is mine now?"

The gray eyes looking mockingly back into his did not waver; it was very long since Faustia's eyes had wavered before any gaze; her countenance, wearing the superficial smile habitual there, did not change; yet, down in the woman's heart was a little thrill which was not sufficiently defined to be joy, or hope, or belief in him—the last least of all.

"You were speculating possibly upon how long a time it requires for a fool to outlive his folly. If the fool be a weak fool it might last for even a score of years, but in the case of such matter-of-fact people as you and I there need be no apprehensions of any very lengthened remembrance."

"Upon my word, Faustia, you take it very coolly now. Who would suppose that you had ever been willing to throw over a heart and a fortune for the sake of a little youthful folly? Could old remembrance be revived—what then, I wonder?"

"What then, Mr. Casselworth? Scarcely such a 'slip 'twixt cup and lip' as took place on a former occasion." There was a smoldering spark in the gray eyes now, a natural glow outspreading the vermilion on cheek and lip. "I hope I have outlived the folly and impressibility of our mutual remembrance. I think—I really think—that not even for you would I throw aside the chance of reigning in the purple or taking the golden elixir for my daily draught should it be offered now. That very slight questioning glance and that mocking smile are quite thrown away. I am well aware as you can be that the chance never will be offered again. But, if it were possible for that episode of twenty years ago to be repeated, I fancy it would come nearer a case of 'diamond cut diamond' than at that date. I question now if all the fond sentimentality you professed then were not like your promises, from the lips only. I was simply Faustia, a rather clever little nobody, whose talent in the way of amateur acting brought out as a star at Mrs. Glenhaven's private theatricals, and Elmer Casselworth was the owner of one of the finest old family estates in the country. You, as his cousin and heir, had the maintenance of the family pride, and a good deal keener eye, as I have reason to believe now, to the succession of that estate in case of his dying unwedded or without an heir. To prevent him falling victim to the wiles of the adventuress, which was your way of putting a man's honest love for a poor but ambitious girl, you made covert overtures on your own account. You found the little adventuress too wide awake regarding her own interests to be misled by the non-committal course you began by pursuing. You ended by very earnest love-making indeed, as you can imagine it must have been to have touched depths which your cousin's honest wooing, backed by all the substantial allurements which accompanied it, had not accomplished. I consented willingly enough when you proposed a private marriage, still consulting that exacting myth—family pride. I was far enough infatuated—it seems strange to confess it now—to yield to you in every suggestion. So when you proposed a romantic midnight marriage and flight afterward until the nine days' wonder should be passed, I was enchanted with the prospect. We met and the programme was carried out to the letter, as I supposed. Two of your cronies were admitted to your secret, and as you spoke of disguises, we were all muffled to the eyes so that to this day I do not know who were witnesses to my earliest marriage. There was a close carriage in waiting, which whirled us away soon as the ceremony was over. Twenty miles away in the gray dawn of the winter morning and the plain little room of a country tavern, where we were to take our wedding breakfast, I discovered the scheme you had so successfully played. I was married to a man whom even I—little claim as I might have to any thing approaching social standing—would have thought twice before being seen in his company in open day. A debauchee, a rascal, a gambler, and a trickster of the meanest order. Is it not miraculous if I have forgiven and forgotten all I owe you for that, Darcy Casselworth?"

"As you have done, Faustia; as you did long ago, knowing how contrary to the dictates of my heart was the act which I have never since been able to utterly excuse. I had plenty of provocation to it, plenty of incentive, while you had wavered between my cousin Elmer and me. You know that only the strongest restraint upon my own promptings led me to break my part in the plan. You were an uncommonly attractive girl, Faustia, you are an uncommonly handsome woman still, and by Jove! it wouldn't take much to bring back all the enthusiasm of my admiration for you."

"Which may well be spared, considering all that it led to."

"But, suppose it should lead to more? I am not hattered now with considerations for the future as then."

"Suppose! Suppose we leave sentiment for those two young people whose forms may be dimly described at the further side of the grounds. I think I saw a determination in Gilbert's eye. It looked as though he did not mean to let grass grow under his feet. I have been watching their positions over yonder and imagine that he is speeding his wooing with all a young lover's impetuosity. As seen 'through a glass darkly,' what is the result to be?"

"What should it be but a happily desirable termination? Gilbert is choosing wisely, and he is enough of his father's son—not to appear egotistical—to base calculations on a sound foundation."

"Three is a charmed number, Darcy. You have had a hand in three marriages and their result, and turned them to your own liking. I have a presentiment that you will fail with the fourth. No, don't look at me as if you were anxious. I leave that respectable vocation to interested relatives, Italian counts and jealous lovers. But, our little lady may be presumed to have a will of her own; the blood in her veins would insure that without the resolute stamp she carries in her face. And from what I saw in the single hour I've had an opportunity to devote to the investigation, she is not inclined to stoop for the choice our traveled young gentleman is reconciled to lay at her feet. Take my word for it, Darcy, you have more cutting of the cards to do before you hold that game quite in your hands."

"Umph! well, it is not a matter of life and death if it should fail, though, as you say, I have set my heart—ah! *mind* upon it!"—a deprecating gesture from her recalling the word. "A wise distinguishment, Mrs. Leland; we do away with the weightier impulses of the heart before arriving at my age."

"I think you never knew such," she answered, a little bitterly. "Weighty impulses never came from your heart. Did you see that? Audrey has gone like a flash, and the impetuous lover walks the shadowy paths alone. What does that portend, think you? It is surely the denouement for a favored lover's suit."

"I think it is an indication that you and I have fallen into the error of taking an inference for a conclusion. Audrey, like a sensible child, has gone in to escape the dew already falling; Gilbert is staying out to enjoy his cigar and solitary reflection."

"Which you would like to render companionable—that dreary yawn says as much, though you are by far too civil to hint the fact in words. Go, by all means, Mr. Casselworth. I shall follow Audrey's extremely sensible example, and succeed it by cultivating the dear child's society—I won't say confidence, since I have an impression that may be less easily done."

She walked away, and Darcy Casselworth's gaze followed the tall, well-poised figure with that habitual smile, half-seeing, wholly *bliss*, very perceptible upon his lips.

"Calculated to gratify a man's vanity, rather, to know he can turn such a queerly creature to his will—yes, queerly and decidedly attractive in a way, in spite of the enamel and the 'rosy hue' which is not the tinge of glowing health—or by the aid of them perhaps. What Faustia has not preserved in the way of good looks, she has the tact to replace with very creditable art. By my soul, if there had ever been any rapture of mutual affection, it wouldn't require much persuasion to get up a responsive thrill. Lacking that—with a shrug—"until I am fully satisfied of your tactics, fair Circe of old, it may not be amiss to put on an assumption of the same."

He strolled across the way to the broad, smooth path where Gilbert was idly sauntering, the red tip of his cigar deepening as the twilight grew denser, his hands upon his back, and his face turned contemplatively toward the heavens where pale stars rivaled the lower spark by their increasing brilliancy.

"Well, Gilbert?" His father's voice at his side and his father's keen eyes scrutinizing his countenance by the uncertain light failed to surprise any tell-tale expression there. "Have you 'put it to the touch to win or lose it all'?"

"In following your suggestion—yes. You know I predicted what the result would be. Late revelations prove the truth of it. If I am to take my charming little cousin's word for it, I present myself a subject for your commiseration."

"You did not bungle the affair irretrievably, I hope? You carry your defeat very gracefully, my any event."

"My dear sir, there's no such see-sawable friend in battle as a good coat of mail, and I was prepared for this blow. If there is little gained there is nothing lost. I thought you promised uncle Elmer's influence?"

"On his own concurrence."

"He shifted with the next wind then. Audrey has referred me to him, since I assured her I was not discouraged at this first rebuff. If I didn't actually care for the girl I'd give up the game at the outset. She has no very kind remembrance of me, and unless there is a providential disenchantment of some sort, that young Artrell is bound to prove a rather formidable stick in the way—poor stick though he may be. It's one thing to know that myself, and to prove the same to Audrey quite another."

"What do you propose then?"

"Little enough in reality. Await the issue of events or the advantageous circumstance of some lovers' quarrel. Meantime—Is that some one to speak to you, sir?"

A young man had come up through the grounds and was pausing now within a short distance of them. "Mr. Casselworth?" he asked, as if uncertain in that obscurity.

"You, Dorchester? What is it now?"

"A telegram received just as we were closing. I thought it might be important, so brought it out at once."

"Thanks. From Grandison, I presume. I expected to have heard from him before this. Come in and I'll see if there's an answer required."

The young men, met before this, exchanged greetings, and all turned toward the house together. There were lights in the parlor now. Mr. Casselworth had come out of his nap, Faustia had settled down in an absorbed attitude over a photograph album, and Audrey was nowhere visible. Dorchester waited without one of the open windows, exchanging an occasional word with Gilbert, while the elder Casselworth stepped within to make himself master of the few words the thin yellow cover enveloped. Few as they were it seemed to require some time for the recipient to fully digest them. The communication may have been calculated to unsettle his comprehensive powers, so unexpected was the line he pursued, and then stood silently crumpling between his fingers:

"Have gone to the utmost limit of instructions—must have seventy thousand more without delay—no danger—higher demand than anticipated. G."

"Confound the fellow, what does it mean?" mused Darcy. "The utmost limit of my instructions comprised not only every cent I'm happy enough to own in the world, but a snug little investment of Elmer's in Erie, held in my name, and another sum withdrawn from his account without the trouble of getting his consent. I gave the liberty of selling out Central and Erie as a saving clause, not with any idea, Grandison would need to avail himself of it. Seventy thousand is no inconsiderable sum, and to appeal to Elmer might lead to unpleasant results in the way of investigation just now."

Looking up he caught the clear eyes of his young assistant glancing at him from the position he had taken, leaning carelessly against the casement.

"There's no answer, Dorchester," he said, snatching. "Faster, I shall answer it in person to-morrow. That is all."

That was all. That is all. The clear eyes passing his employer had rested upon the white-robed girl's form just entering again, and Dorchester stood still, gazing fixedly at her. The other's words recalled him, however, and with a bow he turned hastily away.

"Confound it all," grumbled Gilbert, who had not lost that glance. "The chances are slimmer than ever if Audrey is bound to stamp such an effect upon every cloverleaf's son she runs across. Deuced incredible rivals according to my way of thinking, but that's quite the last concern."

In the brief moment that he stood crumpling the folded slip between his fingers, a dismal phantasmagoria had risen up and faded before Darcy Casselworth's mental sight. For one instant he had seen the gaping blackness of the fathomless mine which a failure would surely open beneath his feet. All the duplicity of years made void at last, the result of the speculations which had given him the means of maintaining luxurious, fast life and a reasonable independence, or what would have been such to a man of less assured spendthrift habits, swept away, his cousin indefinitely compromised—it was a picture to move the stoicism, one might think, of even such well-trained indifference. But, Darcy Casselworth was not moved. It was a dismal aspect of the case which he looked in the face prepared to meet should it ever come with the assurance—"This is no new phase of the affair to me. I never took one step with a blind vision, but to gain much I dare all!"—and put away the contemplation meanwhile.

Paustia, apparently absorbed in the faces before her, was furtively watching his unchanging one, not with any suspicion of how much brief telegram involved, with a little speculation perhaps and a rousing resentment at the conscious calm which was too well assured to be easily broken.

"If the man ever had a heart he ground it out long ago," she thought. "And his words and looks have power to thrill me yet. I would be worse than a fool to believe in him—and yet—and yet—"

what papa said, Celine. 'A cream-rose,' I suggested; I might as well be made of dough for all the color I have naturally. Now tell me the truth, you good Celine! I might have gone to papa flaming in all the colors of the rainbow and he would have said just the same; but you have seen well-dressed, lovely ladies, and you have such excellent taste, you'd be sure to discern where any thing was amiss. How do I compare with the generality of people?"

Audrey turned herself before the mirror; her dress of white India muslin and lace, made after the approved style of young ladies' wear, could vie with any thing in even Lora Glenhaven's wardrobe as a marvel of city mantua-making.

"You are perfect, ma'm'selle, perfect. If you should desire the natural color, there is nothing more easy. I use the pink saucer myself sometimes, and I also am young."

"Not on any account, Celine—not if my complexion were twenty times worse than it is. I'll leave painting and powdering and falsifying in general to Mrs. Leland. She understands all that too well to be easily rivaled, and I'm very well satisfied to be natural."

"You could not be improved, ma'm'selle. You are so fair, it is better than the deep flush—the red bloom—that is coarse. There, Miss Audrey; it is some one coming to your room."

"It is Lora. You darling! to come early as you promised. I am all ready to go down this very moment."

"I want to see you first, queen of the flower festival, star of the day—if there be day-stars. You'll do, Audrey. Mamma came to lend you the favor of her countenance as well, and she is going into one of her mild raptures over the rooms and the grounds. Every thing is delightful, and it promises to be such a novel combination, such a pleasant way of making your debut—this fall."

"Indoor and outdoor and freedom to all. It might be called a lawn-party on a rather large scale, and a ball after it. Think of such merriment at the Homestead! Papa gave uncle Darcy carte blanche and he has made full use of it—it would be contrary to his principles to do any thing else, I suppose. The dinner is to be on the lawn, you know, under the maples; and the refreshment tables are set in the dining-hall for midnight. I never knew to what account the superfluous room in the house might be turned until now. What is it, Celine?"

"Another carriage, Miss Audrey. Two ladies have alighted and are within the gates; one is in rose silk, and the other—so excessively matronly—wears orange and black."

"Who can they be?" Audrey flew to the window for one peep out into the grounds.

"I never saw them before. Do come and tell me, Lora; you know everybody. No, you haven't time. Come, dear, we must hurry down to meet the opening of the fête."

Times had gone around and brought this, the day which was to introduce Audrey to the gayest society of the county. The intervening week had passed and not without even of rather marked importance to this hitherto secluded household.

Darcy Casselworth had been absent for a couple of days. He had found Grandison ready to defer to him, but rather more enthusiastic than was the commonly unimpressible nature of the man, and advising what they had mutually agreed upon before this: the full monopoly of the gigantic scheme which was to realize even Mr. Casselworth's idea of what is necessary for a retired man to live at ease upon.

"Seventy thousand more will yield the whole market," said the broker, confidently. "Those Wall street sharks caught the value of the enterprise a little sooner than I had intended they should, which requires a steeper fund, but it renews confidence that was so well assured before of the safe stake we hold. My agent there communicates that he could sell out at one-half advance and the demand growing every hour. A few days longer and we may command our own price. I have done what I had not the slightest intention of doing when I saw you last; I put my own available capital into it soon as I saw how the fluctuations tended. Twenty thousand three days ago would have accomplished what will require more than three times that amount now."

"You invested?—then you have anticipated the very thing I came up to propose. Seventy thousand, you say! but where the deuce do you suppose seventy thousand more is to come from?"

There was a little irritability in Mr. Casselworth's usually suave, complacent tones, a little ruffle of anxiety or thought or indecision on his well-regulated countenance.

"I should advise the sacrifice of any thing else; or, if other resources fail, you will have no difficulty in securing a loan. But if you prefer realizing at present figures—"

"I do not prefer. I did not undertake this to fall short in any particular. I will have no difficulty in securing the sum—of course not. In fact I have Elmer's indorsement for that amount, but I have some scruple in regard to involving him in this. I will see what I can do in another direction first, but you shall have the amount within three hours' time, Grandison."

Not even to the broker, who came as near holding his inmost confidence as did any living man, did Darcy Casselworth hint in what other direction his operations might extend. In the privacy of his own room at the St. Charles he may have entirely relinquished the idea of such an attempt. At any rate, two hours of the three were passed there, and at the time appointed he placed notes bearing his cousin's indorsement in Grandison's hands, with instructions to realize upon them.

A telegram had come down two days later, and the enthusiastic wording of it must have palliated the apprehensions of a less confident and weaker man. It settled the slight unrest which was the only sign he gave in the immediate time succeeding of what weight of vital interest hovered in the balance.

The maid had arrived in charge of Audrey's wardrobe on the very day preceding this—a neat, pliant girl, with the very faintest suggestion of French accent, and a quiet tact which at once won the golden opinion of her young mistress.

Down in the drawing-rooms Audrey had time to exchange greetings with Mrs. Glenhaven before the approaching visitors made their appearance.

"So kind of you, dear Lora's mamma," she said, laughingly. "I shall not have any lack of support now, backed as I shall be by you two and Mrs. Leland. She is a host in herself!"—with a glance at the lady who was looking fresh and stately and fair in mauve silk and point and plain gold ornaments. "She plays and sings—oh, divinely! and I never suspected she could sing so well. Think of a woman like her hiding her candle under a bushel! She plays cards with uncle Darcy, and talks to papa, and coaxes Gilbert out of his grumpiest humors—altogether proves herself

new character without the faintest suspicion that she had ever met with Mrs. Leland before. "You are talking slang, Audrey. What would mamma say? And here comes—oh! it is—they are—Audrey, those are the FEVERSHAMS!"

"It is—they are"—and pray who are the FEVERSHAMS?"

There was no time for a reply to the query then, but the constrained greeting of the two matrons, who faced each other for one second with just the faintest perceptible trace of consternation, recalled some hint of the old enmity. Mrs. Leland's tact came to the rescue, and the next arrival following close, the FEVERSHAM party drifted past the receiving group of which Mrs. Glenhaven was a prominent figure. Audrey found time to whisper:

"Such vulgar people! What could have possessed Uncle Darcy to invite them? I don't suppose he did that intentionally, although I remember now having heard they are not good friends of your family."

"They are influential people, nevertheless, and make quite a stir on the rare occasions when they visit Cassel," Lora answered in the same tone. Miss Annetta there was my most active rival when I was in Washington, two winters ago."

Audrey glanced from the fair, languid face of her friend, looking cool and serene, the blonde hair crimped over the low forehead, the slight rose-flush and dainty dimples giving her a childish look of innocence—a look which her confident nature did not belie—that she seldom found after twenty years of life and three of fashionable society. Miss FEVERSHAM, tall and black-haired, a brilliant brunette, with glancing black eyes, and manner rather "loud," was opposite in style as might well be imagined. Audrey contracted a dislike for her upon the spot, but the tide of comers flowing in put an effectual check to any indulgence of prejudiced fancy then.

At five of the afternoon the company was announced complete, and the little group near the entrance broke for the first. The Ellerslies had been among the very last to come, and Clement Artrell having secured Audrey's ear, made his intention to retain his place perfectly evident.

"You enjoy this sort of thing of course, Sweet sixteen always does, I believe; and you can't imagine how I envy the freshness of sweet sixteen. I've been knocked about in too hard a school to have much fresh impulse of any sort left, and anywhere else this prospect would not have proved so irresistibly enticing as this."

"That reminds me of cousin Gilbert. At twenty-four he seems to have worn out the belief in all people, his pleasure in all enjoyments, and to have settled to the firm resolution never to be surprised into any avowed commitment of himself. There he is now—no, there he is not, although I had a glimpse of him scarcely two minutes ago; but wherever he may be, his impassive countenance will never waver to betray any passing sentiment of his own."

"The old adage that listeners never hear any good of themselves is disproved for once." It was Gilbert's own cool voice interrupting them as he appeared at her elbow. "I couldn't have wished a more flattering account of myself, even from you, Audrey. What more laudable ambition can any man have than to be master of himself? That attained, it is no very difficult task to master others, and we are all of importance according to the power we wield. My father sent me to petition you to the office of cicerone, Audrey. Some of the people, new to the place, are going off in the usual form of ecstasies over the quaint architecture, dark passages, and the like, and want to take the circuit complete, a feat which requires a guide through the labyrinth of twisting ways and byways."

"And who may 'some people' be supposed to include, cousin Gilbert?"

"That I didn't inquire; but I believe particularly the FEVERSHAMS. It appears that the matron, conspicuous for *embonpoint* and orange silk, and another as equally unmistakable in violet and white have developed an unsuspected animosity, and the company is dividing almost unconsciously into two separate and distinct cliques. It would be a pity to have the universal enjoyment marred because of a little long-standing jealousy. I don't speak for myself; I have worn out my pleasure in all enjoyments, you know, and I can't hazard a criticism on the existing state of affairs since I fancy you will fly to hot partisanship. If you will accept my arm, Audrey—"

Audrey drew back with a little dissenting gesture. She was quite sure in her own mind that this was a feint to draw her away in her cousin's company. Mrs. Glenhaven was the last person to head a social revolt in such a case. Her old enemy, the Honorable Mrs. FEVERSHAM now, had gathered a little coterie about her and was holding court in a particularly exclusive and striking style. Seeing it, the other had already quietly and gracefully given way, and taking the arm of a gentleman near, stepped out into the ornamental grounds.

"You see the danger is past, if it ever existed at all," said Audrey. "Please apply to Mrs. Leland if you fear any recurrence, Gilbert. I am going with Mr. Artrell to find how many have had the good taste to prefer outdoor shades and breezes. The hall will be opened and house lighted up immediately after sunset, which will leave time enough for dim walls and flowered pillars."

They moved away, and Gilbert turned upon his heel with that steely gleam in his eyes which had come there when he had seen them first together in Mrs. Glenhaven's parlors.

"Very well, Miss Disdain! show your high and mighty preference if you will," was the thought in his mind. "We shall see who will prove himself best worthy that decided favor. Cowardice was never attributed to a Casselworth yet, unless perhaps to the present milk-and-water head of the 'spreading lands and storied walls'—The dickens! beg pardon—ah! Dorchester. A case of inverted vision, I'm afraid, quite inexcusable, but not unprecedented."

Pressing through one of the doorways half-blockaded by a stationary group, he had stumbled slightly and brought up against a gentleman standing there.

"Quite excusable, and no harm done. I have been waiting a chance of ingress for five minutes, I suppose. Even my pleurings are seldom quite divested of the business element, and I think it probable your father may be expecting me to report myself. If you chance to see him first be kind enough to say to him that Mr. Grandison has not come down."

"My dear fellow!"—with the drawl which Mr. Gilbert Casselworth only affected for a purpose—"it's straight against my principles to charge myself with any thing like business messages. I keep clear of the vulgar pretensions—begging pardon again and nothing personal meant, you are to understand. You'll find the governor beyond there in the library or somewhere about."

"Just as well to let these upstarts comprehend their true places in the start," he reflected, with a quiet bow, turned in the direction indicated. "I wouldn't feel so well assured with him in the lists against me instead of the other one, Artrell, and girls' fancies are about as stable as the wind. On my soul, I believe it's only eight years' persistent settling of her mind against me that induced Audrey's unfavorable answer the other night. With all due

regard to our respected fathers for their well-meaning kindness in having the affair all cut and dried, they succeeded in the usual style of making a deuced bad bungle of it, which would be a failure complete in any less resolute hands than mine. In mine, we are yet to see in what manner the bungle is to be avoided."

Advancing toward the library, Dorchester met the object of his search at the first turn. "Just come?" asked Darcy, carelessly, pausing, at the same moment mentioning the name of his assistant to his companion, Elmer Casselworth.

"Just come, sir. Mr. Grandison did not arrive with the express as you had expected."

"Ah! Even the strictest men of business can't quite go by clockwork, I presume. I must find some one to take you in charge, Dorchester. Unfortunately that Mrs. Leland is not at liberty at the moment—that is she singing to the devoted crowd who are too rapacious to deserve much gratification. As soon as the song is done now she will take you through the rooms."

"Thanks; I am quite contented to remain a looker-on."

"You are a stranger to all these people, I presume," said the master of the mansion. "I feel very much like a stranger myself among them to-day—like a guest in my own house." Elmer Casselworth had been little more than that for years past he had only realized the fact. "Going, Darcy? Don't let me detain you. If you will favor me, Mr. Dorchester, I'll be glad to have you along with me out in the grounds there. You are fond of music?"

Dorchester's eyes had wandered toward the open door of the music-room. The crowd within shut the musician away from his sight, but the strong, clear contralto voice which, like the singer's handsome, peculiar face, had a masculine element so deep and rich, was it possessed some strange fascination for him.

"Passionately fond," he answered, as an audible round of applause greeted the close of the song. "I am a Southerner by birth and education both—and I think under the old regime we felt the spirit of the liberal arts more comprehensively in our homes, though we lacked in the finer point of cultivation. What a very peculiar voice. Was it a lady who sang—that? I never heard the words that I remember, but the air is certainly familiar."

"A lady," answered Mr. Casselworth, but he had fallen suddenly *distracted*. They walked silently out through the passage-ways side by side, missing by a single turn Gilbert Casselworth who had also been attracted by the song.

"A remarkable woman that," soliloquized the latter. "Doubtless remarkable to claim the consideration she does from the most apparent confidence in demanding it from the governor whom I have always set up before me as a shining example of unimpressibility and utter faithlessness."

"Who could stimulate a passion?"

"For his own abased conviction."

"And with Saint's best-dressed fashion."

"Well, well, for grace of fiction—"

but 'pon honor! I can't comprehend what 'abased conviction' at all liable to have weight with the governor might tie him to the fair Mrs. Leland. If it were any other man I might tremble for my rights as soon and heir, but my father has too great an aversion for matrimonial fetters to his neck in any case of this sort. He may be right in the main, but a spirited beauty of a wife and a bachelor's freedom may not be such irreconcilable points as people generally consider them. Really, Audrey's companion, mystifying personage as she appears to me, thirty—anywhere above the intermediate five, rugged and enameled as my experienced eye can readily detect, is gaining quite her share of attention. It's her singing gained that rush. Taking it for a precedent one might deduce that a voice to a woman will pave the way for her just as a handsome face will do for a man, as in the case of Artrell, for instance, confound him!"

The master of the Homestead, with his cousin's confidential clerk at his side, went down the broad white steps of the smooth, close lawn.

"You are a Southerner," said Mr. Casselworth, breaking silence, as if with an effort. "I fancied, of course, it was only a fancy, that you bear a vague resemblance to one that was a—friend of mine. From what part are you?"

"New Orleans."

"New Orleans!" He repeated it with a little startled shock in his voice, and his eyes turned searchingly upon the young man's face, but he said nothing more.

"If your friend was a Southerner your fancy may not be entirely without foundation. Remembrances disseminate, not through families only, but distinct races. I have more than once traced my own lineaments with tolerable accuracy in other faces, but never more strikingly than in the instance of a Creole lady, whom I met once when quite a lad. She was stopping for a day or two in New Orleans, I remember, something like eight—no, perhaps rather more than seven years ago. I tire you, sir."

Again that startled, scrutinizing look fixed upon his face.

"On the contrary, you interest me. The lady—who was she?"

"Her name was Madame Etienne Dupree. I saw but little of her; she had recently passed through some very trying experience, I believe. She was a Creole, and I also have a trace of Creole blood, inherited from my father. She was reported to have sailed for Europe in that ill-fated ship Yixen."

"Was reported?" It was a hoarse, unnatural voice passing Elmer Casselworth's lips; a dead, white pallor had overspread his face; that look which had first become set, searching, eager, and startled, was intensified now to absolute agony.

"Did sail, I presume. It was a sad catastrophe, that; but we have become better familiarized with such since. One may be shown but not utterly horrified now by hearing of ships burning to the water's edge and every soul aboard perishing."

Evidently Elmer Casselworth was not quite steeled to the contemplation of such horrors. There was an agitated twitching at his pale lips; a convulsed throbbing in his throat; for one moment, which settled in a dead, heavy lump. He turned his face away, and recovered himself with an effort. He had no inclination to continue the subject, so changed it abruptly.

You must be introduced to some of these young people, Mr. Dorchester. Unfortunately, I am scarcely familiar with them myself. It must be that the years pass speedily with a bookworm such as I have been; at any rate all these children of my own neighbors seem suddenly to have grown quite out of my knowledge. I have been looking for my daughter, but she is not anywhere in sight, I think. Here is Ellerslie, though. Mark!"

Mr. Mark Ellerslie responded to the call, lazily turning himself from his solitary position in one of the rustic seats placed here and there in the shrubbery.

"I'd certainly disavow my identity if I detected a flounce or a streamer in dangerous proximity, sir. These fair creatures, earthy angels, have so much superficial vivacity! I have just escaped, for the first time since my arrival, piloting some one of them about."

"Try a change, then, Mark. Present Mr. Dorchester—you are not quite strangers, I see—to Audrey when the chance occurs."

Turning away, Mr. Casselworth avoided the throng upon the lawn, taking one of those closer paths, which were all that remained of the tangled, overgrown garden of eight years ago. It had been cleared and remodeled, changed to short turf and close-trimmed clumps and hedges, long since. The path, which was the darkest and gloomiest of all that were left, was quite deserted at the moment, and he walked there with a slow, heavy step, quelling the agitation stirred by that chance reference to his divorced wife, whose terrible fate had power to shake him so, after all this time. She had been false as woman can be, and it was out there, just in sight, that she had faced him under the calm, full moon and glowing stars, and avowed her innocence—she, so steeped in guilt and shame! Had it been a just retribution, or a wrathful cutting off from the chance of continued transgression—that terrible fate? Yet she had worn the gaze of a martyr, it thrilled him yet to remember how that look had changed when it turned upon his cousin—her accuser. Involuntarily his own gaze turned toward the spot where they had met and parted for the last time. It was not vacant now, but it was Mrs. Leland's form filling the space. How fair she was still! How like and yet unlike the fair Faustina to whom he had given his first fleeting infatuation! And she was the same Faustina to him—recalling that first interview in the library with no deep tremor or hopeful thrill of a heart returning to its first love. She was all alone as he soon would be, for Audrey would marry and leave him, as his cousin had said. If not Gilbert, some one who would suit her fancy better; but he still hoped her repugnance to that union might melt away, now that she knew there should be no compulsion in the case. Command and Rebellion go hand in hand where harmony might as easily be the rule.

Faustina had seen him, and was approaching in the thick shades now.

"You are all alone, Elmer—Mr. Casselworth? I understood that I was wanted to relieve you of some one—who was not further particular. I presume you have anticipated the movement and relieved yourself."

"I doubt if my companion would not take an opposite view, and consider himself relieved in being dropped by me?"

"How morbid you are! It is an unhealthy—I had almost said reprehensible state for you to indulge—who you have so much to make your life bright and hopeful and happy. There, don't bring up the plea, you have known trouble! What one among us all has not known trouble? What one has not been tried in that fiery furnace, to come forth scathed in smaller or greater degree? Look at me, Elmer. I have been tried, I have suffered cruelly, but I do not carry my scars in perpetual sight. I don't know what a dark, hard, thorny life mine has been; I doubt if your own would not seem a smooth, fair road beside it, and it was all because of one terribly disastrous mistake, the folly of a misguided, headstrong, heartless girl, eager to escape from what seemed worse than folly to her then. If you could know all—"

—you would not quarrel with fate for sparing you so much of the dear delights—loving friends, wide sympathies, ways of pleasantness—to weigh against so much of the pain as was yours."

She had spoken as if with the resistless impulse of one who feels deeply and keenly her own pain, and pity for herself struggling with her womanish sympathy for him. At least that was what Elmer Casselworth thought as he looked upon the stately head a little lowered before him, the fair hands locked in nervous clasp, and her gray eyes filled with darkly troubled shadows, gazing out beyond the line of shadow in which they stood. And yet, it was only consummate acting, sudden burst of passionate reproach, mute appeal and strong feeling. What was to be done was best done quickly. She had re-aroused the admiration and the interest of this wealthy, scholarly man, and she must secure them to herself by a bond which could not be slipped, now while she was at her best, or the pleasure he found in her would pall, the bright glamour fade; he would go back to his books and his seclusion in spite of her, and the golden opportunity be lost. So Faustina had spoken.

"Then tell me all, Faustina—all!"

The pain of reproach, regret and passionate entreaty still struggled in her voice.

"Of all men in the world, you, Elmer Casselworth, are the last to whom I would willingly tell all." It was probably the truth; certainly the "all" would have reached him, had he but known, more than this woman's skillful acting, had it come from the heart as he believed. "Your life is too broad and too fair to be filled always with the gloom you have kept from me, and I shall never know. I should not be telling you this, but it makes me unhappy to know how willfully unhappy you make yourself."

She looked fair and pleading as she stood there before him. Some pity and some tenderness was stirring in his heart, and for the time he was plastic as wax in her hands.

"Faustina," he reached out his hands and drew hers within them. "If I am ever better than I am now, a morbid, disappointed, hopeless and useless man, I will owe it to some good guiding angel which will have patience to teach me to shun the wrong. There was a time twenty years ago, when I almost asked you to be my good angel through life—almost! I wonder sometimes what the result would have been had I asked you quite."

"Possibly what it will be when you have finished what you have almost asked me now—almost," she thought, and the glow of triumph so nearly realized brightened the fair, false face under his trustful eyes.

(To be continued—continued in No. 178.)

## Miss Smith's Burglar.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD

MISS SMITH had a beau.

To you who may chance to read this, and never knew Miss Smith, the announcement may not seem very far removed from the ordinary events of life, as all Miss Smiths are expected to have beaux in common with young ladies of a less exclusive and aristocratic family.

But to those who knew Miss Smith, and had known her for the last thirty-five or forty years, the fact was startling enough, I assure you. All the other ladies of uncertain age in Dombeyville plucked up fresh courage, and resolved to persevere in their efforts to make some poor man happy, and be gentle, though perhaps rather faddy, and in some cases scrawny, Eves to the Adams who stood outside the gates of matrimonial paradise, and could not be coaxed to enter.

For more years than Miss Smith would have been willing to confess to, she had been pining in loneliness for her prince, but unlike the prince in the fairy tale, he did not come, and she began to think that when they buried her, the name on her tombstone would be Miss Betsy Smith.

But after awhile Mr. Dusenberry came along.

Miss Smith lived in one part of a double house; Mr. Jones lived in the other part; Mr. Dusenberry came to visit Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones, who delighted in match-making, forthwith got up a scheme to marry Mr. Dusenberry to Miss Smith.

In order to accomplish this, she had to get the parties acquainted, and asked Miss Smith to tea. Then Miss Smith met Mr. Dusenberry, and as it got dusky before she went home, Mr. Dusenberry accompanied her to her door, which was only a few steps, to be sure, but it had been so long since any gentleman had escorted her even for so short a distance as that, that all the next morning Miss Smith played a jubilate on the poor little melodeon in her parlor, and sung:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," in a thin, shrill treble that was more remarkable for sharpness than for anything in the way of melody. The "blessing" referred to was Mr. Dusenberry.

Of course she asked him to call, and Mr. Dusenberry, who wasn't very much used to female society, and consequently at a loss what to do or say when they were about, told her that he should be delighted to do so, and emphasized the assertion by blowing his nose on a big, red silk handkerchief. And Miss Smith mentioned Sunday evening as a nice time, and poor Mr. Dusenberry found himself committed to call on a woman, Sunday evening. He burst out in a cold perspiration all over, when he realized what he had done.

"Mighty Dinah!" exclaimed the horror-struck man, when the magnitude of the fact struck him fully. Mr. Dusenberry was not a profane man, I am happy to say, and "Mighty Dinah" was the extent of his forcible expletives.

However, there was no getting out of the scrape, and he had to go. And Miss Smith kept him till ten o'clock, and how she accomplished it he never could tell. She got a promise out of him to come the next Sunday evening.

All the week after that first Sunday evening Miss Smith went about with a rapt expression on her faded, washed-out face. Looking at her, you would have thought her mind was on heavenly things, her face had such an expression of exaltation in it.

About ten o'clock Miss Smith woke up from a dream of Mr. Dusenberry to hear a creaking of the front door.

"It can't be Mariah!" said Miss Smith to herself. "Mariah" was her hired girl. "It must be a burglar; dear me!"

Miss Smith turned pale and faint at the idea. The moon was shining very faintly. She lay and listened.

She heard the door shut to, and then steps came up the hall, and oh, horror of horrors! some one pushed open her bedroom-door and came in.

It was a man!

She could see enough in the dim moonlight to tell that, but she could not tell who it was.

"Oh! Oh! O-o-o-h!" shrieked Miss Smith, as the man came toward the bed. "Murder—murder—murder!"

"Mighty Dinah!" gasped the cause of Miss Smith's fright. "Where am I? Who are you?"

"Oh, you wretch!" cried Miss Smith, covering her face in the bed-clothes. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Murder—murder—murder!"

From under the bed-clothes Miss Smith's muffled voice sounded like the doleful sound we are requested by Dr. Watts to "hark from the tombs."

"Don't!" cried the poor man; "for goodness' sake, ma'am, don't! It's all a mistake, I assure you—"

"Murder! thieves!" yelled Miss Smith, hearing Maria coming down-stairs with a terrible racket.

The door of a closet happened to be standing open, and into this plunged the frightened man, and banged to the door behind him. This door happened to shut with a lock, leaving but an outside knob; so when he swung the door together, he made a prisoner of himself.

"For mercy's sake, ma'am!" cried Maria, "are you dead?"

"Oh!" cried Miss Smith, venturing to uncover her head, "there's a horrid man in the closet. He wanted to kill me. You ought to have heard him threaten me. Run for Mr. Jones, quick, before he can get out. Dear me!"

"Don't!" came in a muffled roar from inside the closet. "Don't! You're mistaken! It's me, Mr. Dusenberry, and I got into the wrong house! Let me out, please."

"Oh, you brute!" cried Miss Smith. "Run, Mariah, and bring Mr. Dusenberry, too—quick! He may get out and murder me while you're gone."

Maria clattered away, and was knocking at the Jones' door in no time.

Several very forcible exclamations proceeded from the closet.

"Ain't you ashamed to swear so, you wretched creature?" cried Miss Smith. "I'll have you tried for bigamy, and I hope they'll send you to the Penitentiary for life."

Pretty soon she heard Maria coming back, followed by Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones, and one or two little Joneses.

An ominous stillness reigned in the closet now.

Mr. Jones had armed himself with a club. Mrs. Jones had the poker. Maria had a lamp to throw light upon the situation.

"Come out of that!" cried Mr. Jones, valiantly, after stationing Mrs. Jones on the other side of the door, with her weapon in readiness for immediate action. "Come out of that, or I'll make you."

"Such a pack of fools!" exclaimed the prisoner, indignantly. "How can I get out when the only door knob is on the outside?"

Mr. Jones turned the outside knob.

"Come out, or I'll—"

Out stepped the burglar. Mrs. Jones gave a shout and dropped her poker. Mr. Jones opened his eyes in astonishment.

Miss Smith, arrayed in white, shrieked like a Comanche, and then made a dive for the poor man.

"Oh, Mr. Dusenberry!" she sobbed. "I didn't know it was you! What an awful mistake! Why didn't you explain it to me?"

"I did," said Mr. Dusenberry, retreating before her advances. "If you hadn't been a fool you'd have listened to me. I made a mistake, and got into the wrong house, that's all, and you had to go and make fuss enough to raise the dead. A pretty story it'll make when it gets out. If I hadn't been a fool I'd have gone home a week ago."

"Oh, forgive me!" sobbed Miss Smith.

"I won't," said Mr. Dusenberry, stoutly. "I won't forgive anybody for making such a fool of themselves. I'm going. I don't believe you'll ever get a man very near you again unless by mistake. Women are the biggest fools!"

With which parting shot Mr. Dusenberry marched off in righteous indignation.

Poor Miss Smith! She has about come to the conclusion that *Miss Betsy Smith* will be graven on her tombstone. She hasn't had a beau since Mr. Dusenberry left her, and there isn't any prospect of one.

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## THE TONSORIAL ARTIST.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A strapping fellow was O'Dodd  
As any one might see,  
Although not born in Barbary,  
A barber trade was he.  
Politeness seemed to be his art,  
For no one entered there  
But he would greet him with a smile,  
And offer him a chair.  
A man of much humanity  
Which is a human grace,  
It always made him sad to see  
A wrinkle in your face.  
He was a meek and humble man  
As you would well suppose,  
Yet took all men both great and small  
Familiarly by the nose.  
Though brave and bold through life he went  
Quite straight and never feared,  
It is quite true of him to say  
He very often "sneered."  
At any thing that wasn't right  
His light remarks were few;  
But then to all uncleanliness  
He gave a sharp sham-poo!  
A quiet man who much condemned  
Mischiefs in every shape,  
Yet strange to say he was the first  
To get into a "scrape."  
With razors did he raise his store  
Of much-respected puff,  
He took each customer by the beard—  
But ne'er was beard'd himself.  
And while unlearned in lettered lore,  
Unused to book or pen,  
It was his boast that he improved  
The heads of wisest men.  
And while he never had been used  
To politicians' roles,  
All said he never could be beat  
In working at the polls.

## Strange Stories.

## THE OUTLAW'S TRICK.

## A Legend of Robin Hood.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A BRIGHT May morning and a group of green-garbed archers standing beneath a huge oak tree on the borders of the far-famed forest of Sherwood, near to Nottingham town.  
From the dress of Lincoln-green and the weapons that they bore, one could easily have guessed that the six stalwart yeomen who waited beneath the greenwood tree were members of Robin Hood's famous band.

"Twas in the time of the 'Lion Heart,' great Richard, the first of that name, but he languished afar in a foreign prison, and his crafty brother, John, usurped the throne of England.

"It is time that Robin was here," quoth Little John, so named because he stood six feet at least, and was brawny of muscle and stout of thigh as a Thracian gladiator.

"He will come anon," said Will Scarlet, who wore a red hood and leaned upon a quarter-staff that bore the dint of many a hard knock.

"I hope that no ill luck has come to Robin!" Little John exclaimed, an earnest look upon his face.

"I heard it said as I came along this morning that bold Adam Gay, high-sheriff of Nottingham, was abroad, and with two score fellows at his back, and all to take sweet Robin and his merrie men."

"By the king, I swear I would like no better quarry than the doughty sheriff!" Will Scarlet cried. "A gray-goose shaft would send him quickly back to Nottingham, and give his widow a chance to find a better husband."

But, even as the words were out of the mouth of gay Will Scarlet, through the wood came the sheriff and his force.

Six could do but little against a host, and the dense green wood protected the sheriff's posse from the deadly arrows of the archers.

"Since arms are of no avail, let us trust to legs!" quoth Little John, and nimbly into the wood the merrie men ran.

Little John lingered behind the rest and fitted a shaft to his bow. A parting gift he designed to give the sheriff, stern Adam Gay.

The rest of the archers noted not his delay, and hurrying on were soon lost within the fastness of the forest.

"Yield thee, thou villain archer!" cried the sheriff, flourishing his blade, as he came within a hundred yards of where Little John stood at bay.

"Commend thy soul to Heaven, for you are not long of this earth!" cried Little John, as he bent his bow and drew the arrow to the head.

The sheriff saw his danger, halted, and turned to flee; too late would have been the movement to save himself from the deadly shaft but that the uncertain wood of Little John's bow snapped in twain.

"Now, curse upon that puling bough!" cried Little John, as he cast the fragments down; "I fear that it has given me my death!"

The sheriff's men had circled him around and about, and Little John was in the toils.

He laid his hand upon his blade as if with intent to die sword in hand.

"Now yield thee, bold archer, and mercy I will show!" the sheriff said.

Little John glanced around at the circle of armed men, and thought while there is life there is hope, and so he cast down his good sword and cried aloud that he surrendered to the sheriff of Nottingham.

"Now, Sister Porter, if you will let me take a seat in this pleasant porch, I shall enjoy it exceedingly," he said, thus kindly getting himself out of Bettie's way, for which she inwardly thanked him, as she hastened to set the table.

Notwithstanding Bettie's declaration that there was nothing fit to eat, the dinner was very nice indeed, but she could not be prevailed upon to appear. As soon as it was ready, she made her escape up-stairs, telling her mother she was all out of breath. And good Mrs. Porter, pitying her mortification, let her have her own way.

Perhaps the young minister missed the bright, willful face of which he had only had a glance. I am sure he glanced around for it during the afternoon service, but Bettie was not there. She went at night, because her father desired it, and wished herself at home again, when Elder Palmer himself rose in the pulpit.

She did not know he was going to preach, and her cheeks reddened with confusion. She felt as though she never could look in his face again. She did not, until the service was half over, though she listened intently to the full, rich voice which filled the little church to the remotest corner.

At last she ventured to raise her brown eyes, to find them meet the full glance of the young preacher's clear blue ones, and they dropped again, in instant confusion.

Poor Bettie! she enjoyed nothing but the singing, that meeting. And she did not know how intensely Elder Palmer was listening to her strong, sweet soprano, or guess how correctly he read the foolish little girl's heart which fluttered so tremulously within her bosom.

She could not join, or rather she would not join in the praises of the young minister's sermon which met her on all sides. She remembered she had called him "a conceited prig," to his very face, and all she would say was, "he did well enough."

She avoided him whenever he came to their house, but blushed and looked so conscious when he was mentioned that her waggish little brother, Tom, who saw that something was out of the common way, and didn't know what, began to tease her about him, every chance he could get.

Bettie was sure she hated him, and she was terribly vexed when the church elected him as their pastor.

Imagine her astonishment and vexation when her father came in one day and announced that the present Elder Palmer was coming to board with them.

Good Mrs. Porter was delighted, but poor Bettie went up to her own room and cried all the afternoon. If she had not made such a dreadful blunder at first, she would have liked him, for she could not help owning that he was a man of talent and good breeding, and a pleasant addition to the social circle.

It vexed her to be thinking of him so much. "It's awful," she said to herself, "to be always thinking of a person one doesn't like. But when he's always in one's way, how can it be helped?"

Miss Bettie quite ignored the fact that ever since the young pastor came to board with them her meetings with him had been confined to a few accidental ones on the stairs, or a few casual words at the table.

She never sat down a moment in the room where he was, if she could possibly help it, or did any thing else which threw her in his way. One day the young minister went into the country, and Bettie having company of her own, and not expecting him back, got supper early.

Just as she had finished her work, she heard him come in and go up-stairs to his room. Well, she would be obliged to ask if he had been to supper, so she stepped into the front hall, just as Tom came down-stairs.

Tom, who did not see that Elder Palmer was at the top, coming down too, sung out:

"Bet, your preacher's come, and you'll have to get him his supper."

"Poor Bettie! she could have shaken Tom to pieces!" But Elder Palmer relieved her embarrassment by saying, in a pleasant, unconcerned way:

"I won't put Miss Bettie to all that trouble, for I am engaged to take tea at Deacon Brown's this evening."

He went out immediately, and Bettie followed Tom to the back porch, and informed him that when mother came back, she intended to see if he couldn't be made to keep his saucy mouth shut.

It was prayer-meeting evening, and Bettie and Carrie Webb, who was the friend visiting at Porter's, went together. After meeting, Carrie said good-night, and went off with her own folks. Bettie waited for her father as usual. To her great dismay, he came up presently, saying:

"Daughter, I am obliged to remain a little while with the business committee; but Elder Palmer will walk on with you."

Bettie looked around quickly for Carrie, intending to go with her and stay all night; but Carrie was gone. There was no help; she had to walk out of the meeting-house with Elder Palmer, and be alone with him under the silent stars.

He pretended not to notice the arm he offered her. They walked a few steps, and then the young pastor quietly reached out his hand, took hers, and laid it in its place upon his arm.

Bettie trembled all over with indignation, but she did not well know how to help herself, as she did not resist.

Presently Elder Palmer spoke:

"Miss Bettie, why is it you so persistently avoid me? Is it because you really dislike me?"

"No," said Bettie, "not that—but every thing has happened so ridiculous—"

"If what Tom said to-day has worried you, it need not," said the young man. "I don't mind any thing he says in his mischief. Besides, Miss Bettie, if it were true, would it be so very dreadful?"

There was something in his voice which fairly took Bettie's breath away, and made her blood bound in the furthest veins.

"It would not be to me," went on Elder Palmer. "I wish I were your preacher, more yours than any one else's, Bettie. I know you have your little willful ways, but it seems to me they only make you more sweet and lovable. I do love you, whether you care for me or not, and I want you for mine. May I have you, Bettie?"

"Oh, you can not be in earnest!" panted poor Bettie.

"I am in such earnest as a man is when he feels his whole future happiness for this world is at stake. Dear Bettie, may I be really your preacher?"

"Oh, I don't know! I am not fit for a minister's wife."

"You are, dearest, if you love him, and are willing to make his home-life happy," Dear Bettie, tell me frankly, do you love me?"

"I think I do," whispered that deceitful little Bettie, spite of all she had said and done before.

"Then, darling, since the heart is mine, may I have the hand also?"

"If you will take such a worthless thing," whispered Bettie.

"If I will!" and then the young minister—well, you know men will do these things, even if they are ministers—he clasped her in his arms, and vowed she should never regret her choice.

I am sure she never has. But there was an unlimited amount of parish gossip over the wedding, for very few of the ladies, especially, could see what made the minister fancy that giddy little Bettie Porter, when there were others who—well, you understand.

The minister understood perfectly, but it was only Bettie he wanted, and she was entirely satisfied with her preacher.

They were three in number, besides the guide, and he had gone back to his cabin for a day or two while we tried the brooks for trout. Harry was with us, of course, the leader always in

these forest excursions, ready for fun of any kind and on the alert to catch one of us "on the hip." Dan Harvey—a "local" on a daily paper, a genial, good-natured soul—and Scribber completed the party.

"Make a fire, Scrib," said Harry, as he began to joint his rod, "and I'll give you more trout in half an hour than even you can eat."

"I suppose you want all the fun yourself, Viator," I said, "but you can't come it; I'd rather fish than eat."

"He can't eat any thing, either," said Dan, in a tone of deep sympathy. "He's been warned out of four boarding-houses this year because they said they couldn't feed a cannibal, and now they grub him by contract."

"Oh, shut up, Dan," I retorted, beginning to get wrathful. "How can a man keep his mind on his work when your chin is in motion? I like music, but the motion of your jaw is too heavenly for me."

"No music like our own, eh, Scribber?" said Harry, as he knocked a piece off a rotten stump to look for grubs. "Now stand back and I'll show you a trout."

He crept up to the bank with Indian-like caution, choosing the side opposite the sun so that his shadow could not fall upon the water. The grub had scarcely passed out of sight when the little rod bent until the tip rested in the water, and then up from the clean water came a noble trout, nearly a pound in weight, shaking his stubborn head and striving with all his power to shake the hook from his jaws. But the hand which never failed held the pliant lance-wood, and in a moment more the noble fish lay gasping on the bank, his glorious colors fading as his life ebbed away.

"First fish!" shouted Harry. "You owe me one, Scribber."

"Oh, let's start fair," I retorted, as I put on a grub. "How can I keep even with you if you throw in before I can get on a bait?"

"All right!" rejoined Harry. "Are you ready?"

We threw in together, and almost at the same moment hooked a fish.

It is many years since I first took the lance-wood in my hand, but in spite of that I have not yet presence of mind enough to remember always that it is dangerous to try to throw a trout overhead when the trees grow close to the bank. The moment the trout struck my hook I threw him with all my force, and had the satisfaction of seeing my leader tangled in a stout limb hanging over the water, while a lovely trout, too securely hooked to escape, swayed to and fro in the wind. How was I to get him—was the question which agitated my bosom at that moment. The limb did not look strong enough for my weight, and yet it was too strong to bend by the hand.

"Whistle for your fish, Scrib," suggested Dan, in a tone of heartfelt sympathy. "Put some salt on his tail."

"I wouldn't be so foolish if I could get along without it just as well," I grumbled. "Now am I going to get my leader?"

"Shin up the tree and bend the limb down," said Dan. "I'll take it off. Or, hold on; I'll go up the tree."

I ought to have known that this offer of assistance on the part of Dan Harvey meant mischief, but I was anxious for that fish; so up he went and began to walk on the limb, holding on to a still stronger one above his head. As the limb bent under his weight I advanced to the bank and reached out as far as I could to grasp it.

A little further out, Dan," I said. "A step more will do it."

Dan took the additional step, and I grasped the end of the limb firmly, reaching far out to do it, and nearly losing my balance in the attempt. This was the moment for Dan, and, as if by accident, his feet slipped from the branch, while he hung suspended by the one above him. The elastic limb sprung back, and before I could recover myself I knew just how wet that water was at this season of the year!

Dan Harvey may try to explain this matter away if he likes, but I am ready to attest upon oath my belief in the fact that he did not slip off that limb by accident. Sooner or later my time will come, and then—but let us not anticipate.

Harry did not wait to hear the fervent maledictions I heaped upon the head of Dan Harvey, or to notice where the stones landed which I hurled up at him as soon as I could spit the water out of my mouth and clear my eyes for a throw. Nothing but the gifts of nature in the shape of a pair of legs of marvelous length and agility saved the object of my wrath from destruction in my angry mood, and a looker-on would have seen a vision of a pair of slender legs carrying a long body up-stream at a wonderful rate of speed while an avalanche of stones steamed after.

Then, having put the foe to rout, I got a hatchet, shinned up the tree, and cut off the limb—a thing I ought to have done before instead of accepting Dan Harvey's hypocritical offers of assistance. I had just got the line clear and was preparing to throw in again when loud howls of dismay announced that Dan was in trouble.

Joy beaming in every feature, I threw my whole muscular force into my limbs and dashed up-stream to see what was the matter, and found Dan up to his knees in a quicksand from which he was vainly endeavoring to extricate himself.

"Here, Scrib," he bawled. "Clap on here and pull me out. I'm in a peck of trouble."

"What's the matter?" I said, calmly.

"Matter! you idiot; don't you see what's the matter?" When I lifted one foot up the other goes in deeper.

"I see," I said. "Curious very curious. Do you know, Dan, that I have always wished to study the manner in which a body sinks into a quicksand, so as to be able to write from actual observation? Describe your sensations; tell me how you feel?"

And I got out my note-book and sat down on a log close at hand with an expression of deep curiosity on my face. Dan understood me—none so well as he—and for about three minutes he "set me out" in language which does not form a part of Webster's spelling-book or the Bible.

"Ah, I see," I said, calmly, making notes as he proceeded. "The first phase is profanity. The victim vents a choice selection of participles upon the head of the man who will not hurry and help him out. Curious; when found, make a note on."

Of course that soothed him down pretty much. It always does make a man feel better when he is in affliction to have some one roost on a log near by and preach. Now Dan, as a general rule, is not a profane man, but upon this occasion he literally boiled over with it, and when he once did set to work he swore by note.

"You just wait till I get out of this blamed hole!" he did not say blamed, but that word sounds better than the word he did use—"and I'll lick you till you won't know yourself from a sand-sieve. I'll knock you so full of holes that Old Ben will use you for a strainer. You just wait; that's all!"

"Ain't I waiting, Dan?" I answered, striving hard not to laugh. "I never had such an opportunity as this since I was born. I have heard about quicksands but never saw one in

successful operation until the present moment, upon my word. How do you feel now?"

"Oh, won't I rather you when I get out of this, Scrib!" howled the unlucky joker. "Won't I pi your form awful! Why, it will be easier to pick up lower-case agate than the fragments of your frame, when I get at you."

"Why don't you climb out?" I asked. "You seem to be good at climbing. Of course I don't want you to do any thing which you object to, but it seems to me you might get one of those legs fastened on solid ground, somehow."

By this time he changed his tone, for he was up to his knees and sinking deeper all the time. He began to beg for help and remind me of one of our old school days and the happy hours we had spent together in the old school-house. I listened to his tales of our boyhood intercourse calmly, and noted them down as a new phase in this interesting study. Then he got wild again and began to flounce around in the mud, and let out a few more participles.

"Are you sorry I fell in the creek, Dan?" I asked.

"Sorry? No, curse you, no! I wish it had been forty feet deep!"

"I guess I'll go down and fish a little while," I said. "By the time I catch a mess of trout perhaps you'll be sorry."

I made a feint of going away, and Dan caved in.

"Hold on, Scrib—I'm sorry as a dog."

"Are you? Beg my pardon, then. It's the least thing one gentleman can do for another."

"I won't. By jinks, I won't beg your pardon, if I go to China."

"Good-by!" I again started, and he capitulated.

"I beg your pardon, Scrib."

"Louder: I can't hear you."

He fairly yelled a plea for pardon, and my injured honor was satisfied. I got a pole, gave him one end of it, and dragged him out of the sand, and without waiting to see how he liked it, I hoisted it down-stream at a lively pace. For prudential reasons I kept out of Dan's way for two or three hours, and far away down-stream, as I "yanked" the trout out of the silver pools, I rejoiced to know that my downfall had not been unavenged.

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The following brief narrative signally illustrates an old adage.

In the spring of 1840, a young man, answering to the commonplace and almost plebeian name of John Jones, left his native village and took up his abode in the city of New York. He was friendless, moneyless and comparatively uneducated. But he was ambitious, self-confident and self-reliant. Scores of men, with the same capital, have achieved wonders.

Our hero was not long in finding employment. He commenced his business career in the great metropolis as a common porter, in a large wholesale dry-goods establishment. Let the reader reserve his sneer until he arrives at the denouement. The position, humble as it was, suited Jones very well, at that period of his life, and the salary sufficed for his simple needs. He was willing to work, and better still, he was not ashamed of it. Even in after life the habits of industry and application, acquired in this hard school, clung to him, and, unlike many of our modern men of business, he was never known to indulge in a summer vacation. Indeed, he never set foot within the charmed precincts of Long Branch, Saratoga, or any of the places of fashionable resort.

The months winged their flight to the ever-growing past, and Jones not only gave satisfaction, but succeeded in attracting the favorable notice of his employers. His energy would have been remarked anywhere.

But my readers must not think that the young porter was altogether contented with his obscure station in life. Far from it. His imagination lived in the future, and something whispered to him that, in the coming to-morrows of time, one was set apart for him. This high and gratifying anticipation lightened his daily burden, and made his lot far more endurable than it would otherwise have been.

The head of the house in which Jones was employed was an aristocrat and a millionaire. He was almost entirely devoted to the Almighty Dollar, and the little affection he had to spare was lavished upon his only child—his daughter, a girl of ravishing beauty. Jones frequently saw this charming little creature, and secretly worshipped her. He was twenty-one, and she just fifteen. There was, of course, a wide social gulf between these young people, but the manly youth resolved that the lovely prize should be his, if there was any virtue in energy and perseverance. He had three definite objects in life—to rise to a place in the firm, to buy a certain Fifth avenue palace, and to marry his employer's daughter. Ambitious aims, these, but it should be remembered that, in this wonderful land of ours, barefooted boys are the stuff out of which Presidents and millionaires are manufactured!

Years rolled on. Jones' employer grew wealthier, and his daughter developed into a marvel of beauty and intelligence. In the mean time, what of our hero? The astute reader perhaps guesses at the sequel already. To make a short story still briefer, I will give the result in a few words. More than thirty years have now elapsed. The great dry-goods dealer has been gathered to his fathers, but the firm still continues as prosperous as ever. The beautiful heiress is now a happy wife and mother. The Fifth avenue palace still stands in the same place. And Jones? Well, Jones holds his old position, and is likely to hold it to the day of his death. He is single, unmarried, and, in spite of his age, can lift heavier weights than any other porter in New York!

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## Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

## I.—BROOK FISHING.

We camped beside a running stream of clear, bright water in a place of solitude, bordered by pine and balsam, one of those forest nooks which rejoice the soul of the fisherman and make him involuntarily joint his rod and stretch his leader because he knows that trout must lurk in the shaded pools. The brook itself was narrow—a man could leap across it at the widest part—but we knew well that here lay hidden the gamest of all fish—the "brook" trout. Small, it is true, but full of life and vim, ready to fight out the battle with rod and reel to the death. No chance for "flying" where the boughs hang so low, and we must trust to bait.

We were three in number, besides the guide, and he had gone back to his cabin for a day or two while we tried the brooks for trout. Harry was with us, of course, the leader always in